The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 32 NO. 2 Lessons for May FEBRUARY 1945

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 32, NO. 2 FEBRUARY 1945

TWO MEN

Alice Morrey Bailey

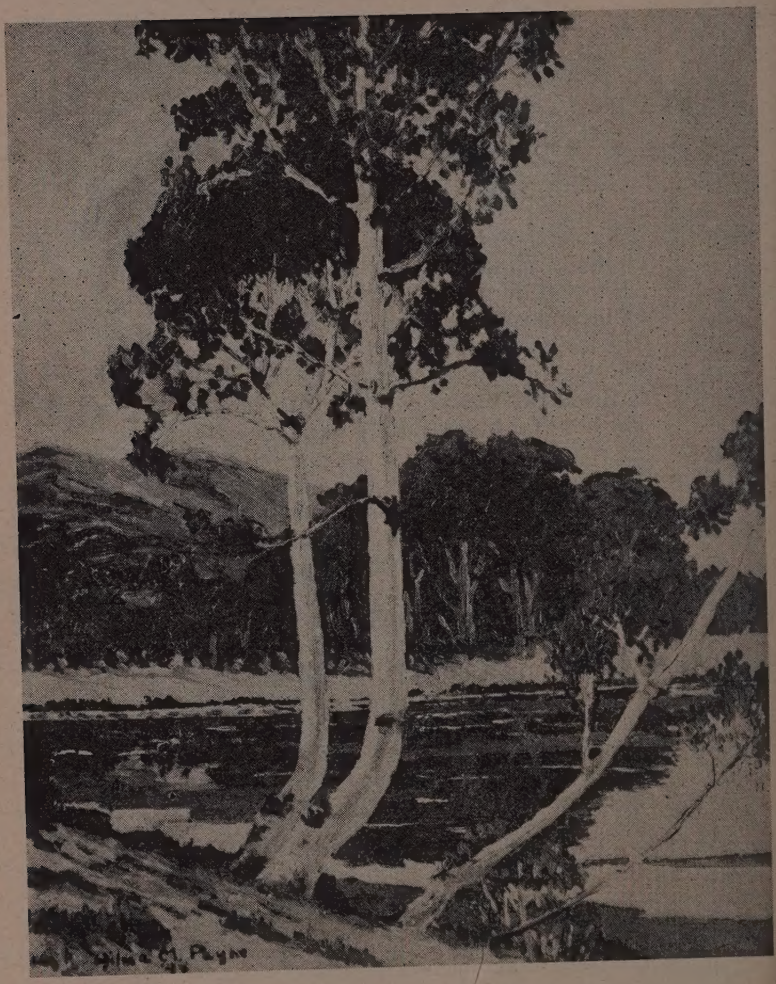
No secret in Potomac's placid flow
Or in the cultured acres, in his blue
Aristocratic birth, reveals the clue
Of his endurance, strength. Could wealth bestow
The fearlessness to walk where bullets sow
The wind, the fortitude to pit his few
In Braddock's massacre? Could ease imbue
The heart for Valley Forge's blood-tracked snow?

They say that he was pound-and-penny just,
That he was moral, disciplined, and proud,
Not far removed from kings in manner, trust—
Without close friends—yet worshipped by the crowd.
These are traits of greatness often won
And held by other men than Washington.

What was in the forest's darkened aisle,
In Lincoln's brawny youth, the rough frontier
That he should know the hearts of men—their fear
Of other men—or humor weakness while
He built their strength, and how discern the guile
Of policy? Too common, too sincere
And unpretending to escape the sneer
Of enmity, detect assassin's wile.

Yet each grows great with time's far scrutiny,
Each held in sacredness his country's sod,
And knew in humbleness his destiny
To form its mighty future under God.
Two men: divinely sent, divinely planned
To charter freedom in a chosen land!

The Cover "Winter At Night" is from a photograph by Glen Perrins of Mt. Timpanogos taken from River Bridge.



—Hilma Mole Payne

WESTERN LANDSCAPE

See *The Relief Society Magazine*, January 1945, pages 20-21, for discussion of Mrs. Payne's paintings.

How to Choose a Painting

Alice Merrill Horne
Former Member Relief Society General Board

HOW should one go about choosing a painting? When one considers that a good work of art is purchased not for one person, not even for one generation, but for posterity, then one realizes that the most careful study is needful in choosing a painting.

Art is universal. No one country can claim all the gifts. Each individual is endowed with a degree of talent though not every soul is permitted to realize himself. The human soul is the finest instrument and can hardly fail to discern beauty. Even a little child will select the best picture in a collection.

The best poem, the greatest symphony, the most profound work of art is declared as such, is set apart as such, by universal taste. Art critics have no part in the selection of masterpieces for the reason that each generation evaluates its own productions—thus, we learn to put faith in the masses.

Each nation has pride in its own gifts and seeks to save its best productions, and that is why we visit other countries. In witnessing their handwork, their precious, treasured paintings and sculptures, we can learn the causes of greatness and can estimate the scale of a nation's attainments and culture. In this way, admiration for the best is developed, establishing friendly relations between nations.

The world's cultural loss because of the present satanic world conflict is of colossal proportions. The heartbreaking truth is that it may take a generation to reveal the full cultural loss that has been sustained by the invaded countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The gentle, peaceful countries, now subjected to force, have seen their treasures of arts and crafts, and fabrics of handlooms torn from them. They were ruthlessly pillaged for the low purpose of degrading, impoverishing, and conquering them. Knowing well the value of art, the aggressor nations have thus schemed to lift their own financial and cultural life by seizing art productions from those gentle people who created them.

The world has learned to recognize the need for works of art. Let us consider how a picture is selected for its rightful place in the field of art:

(1) A picture should be a design. Women of this day are truly design-minded. It will be easy to get right into the spirit of design. Shall we sit down and design a rug? I have long pictured Relief Society members designing rugs as do the art-minded, rug-weaving Orientals.

(2) Every woman desires a tiled bathroom floor, so let us design such a floor.

(3) Make a design for a counterpane using the motif grapes, grape leaves, or a petunia, or an oak leaf and acorn pattern could be used.

(4) Do you make real lace? Then you would find a delightful exercise in creating a rose design for a real lace collar.

(5) Make a sego lily design for a bedroom paper.

(6) Using the mountain maidenhair fern and a wild rose, create a design for a tablecloth.

(7) By this time you will be prepared to design a picture.

Design Your Picture

Go out with your sketching pad and colored crayons, and put in a blue sky with a white cloud. Place a hill with white snow patches that will repeat the white cloud. Draw in a farmhouse. Now add a group of cottonwood trees which will seem to love and protect the house. Make a path that leads to the front steps. The trees will have some leaf buds opening, to repeat the greens on the lawn and garden in front of the house.

Now organize what you have sketched into a diamond in a square. Millet liked to compose his pictures that way.

"Values" in a Picture

Look at your picture and answer these important questions:

1. Is the sky a dome or is it flat like a vertical wall?
2. Does the foreground come forward to meet you?
3. Does the background stay back?
4. Does the farmhouse stay in front of the trees?
5. Do the trees stay in front of the hill?
6. Is the sky behind the hill?
7. Do you feel there is another side to the hill?
8. Does the path come to you?

If you answer "yes" to these questions, you have what artists name "good values."

The "values" of a painting is important for you want to feel spatial relations. It would feel awkward to make a house you could not walk around.

A Dominating Theme

In your picture there should be a dominating subject. You might use a dozen other subjects, but each and all of these should be subservient to the main point of interest. So, please, do not choose a painting which is divided in interest, in other words, constitutes two pictures instead of one. Therefore, always search for the dominating theme and discover if all of the minor details are needed to strengthen the dominating theme.

An Exercise in Painting Greens

An artist once asked me to give him a criticism on his exhibition. Three paintings hung side by side: The first, Yellowstone Park; the second, Southern Utah; the third, Salt Lake Valley looking toward the Wasatch Mountains.

"I fear you will not like my criticism."

"Please tell me what you see in my work."

Nothing could keep me from giving an honest criticism where it was so much needed.

"You are lazy. You are not observing. The way you paint green accuses you. Green is what the light makes it. Your greens seem to have all been mixed in one pot. Notice that the greens at the top, as well as at the bottom in your Yellowstone Mountain, are exactly like the patches of green at the top and bottom of the Wasatch Mountains. Now compare the greens on your Dixie Mountain. There is no variation. If you will study the

greens in any landscape, such as you have painted here, I am sure you will find light greens, dark greens, warm greens, and cool greens. Do you need glasses or is it laziness working on you, that you do not see that the greens at top, bottom, and middle distance are very different?"

When I saw his work a year later it had changed markedly, and how he was enjoying the greens.

Trees—Monotony versus Variety

Do you like pictures of trees? It is a favorite subject of mine, especially the way the spaces between the trees are painted is of vital interest. A row of trees exactly alike with spaces between equally uninteresting would satisfy a horticulturist, but so much monotony would slay an art critic. No two spaces should be alike. In your favorite picture of trees you may find several little pictures in between the trunks and boughs of trees.

Inasmuch as you are buying a picture for yourself and posterity, remember always that the best picture is worth two of the second best, three of the third best, and I do not recommend the fourth best for posterity.

Europe has many collections that have been brought together for posterity. It is ever true that nations are known and remembered by what was accomplished in art before that nation was cleft in twain by designing men of that or some other land.

After all, there are only two kinds of art, good and bad—and, oh yes, there is the middling good which, like the middling good egg, can't be used. The better a work of art is, the more people recognize its superiority. So-called art critics praise gawky productions, such as nudes painted from wooden mannekins with the human figure distorted; but just so long as the great common class does not admire such work, it will be recognized as bad art.

Best Pictures Survive

Pictures that lift the taste of the people are of great and lasting worth. But, after all, something is of still greater importance; namely, the artists who paint the good pictures. Without the artists, there can be no progress in art, but if the artists are loved by the people, supported by the people, why might we not have a renaissance of our own? But whatever happens, we must continue to buy good pictures for the sake of posterity.

AN INESTIMABLE JEWEL

It is not merely for today but for all time to come that we should perpetuate for our children's children that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. I beg you to remember this, not merely for my sake, but for yours. I happen, temporarily, to occupy the White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has. It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise and intelligence that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations. It is for this the struggle should be maintained that we may not lose our birthright—not only for one, but for two or three years. The nation is worth fighting for to secure such an inestimable jewel.

A. Lincoln

Your Part in Utah's Centennial

Prepared by the Utah Centennial Commission—David O. McKay, Chairman; A. Hamer Reiser, Secretary—at the request of the Church Beautification Committee.

DESPITE war-imposed handicaps, Utah will celebrate her Centennial in 1947 appropriately and well, because her citizens—descendants of pioneers—possess to a degree, at least, the sterling characters of the pioneers themselves.

To celebrate the Centennial fittingly under the pressure of war and its aftermath, will require idealism, vision, fortitude, and an abundance of hard work.

Time is running against us, and, as it runs away in wartime, it takes with it opportunities to obtain materials and labor for the extensive program of construction contemplated in the original plan of the Centennial Commission. Adaptations and simplification of that plan may therefore be imperative.

Features of the Commission's original plan, in which materials are a minor part, can, nevertheless, be developed in wartime. These include many of the cultural and spiritual aspects of the celebration. History, music, and the other arts, and the modern facilities for their expression, can be utilized for the presentation of the essential message of the Centennial. These can be effectively employed locally in community projects large and small. Schools, churches, clubs in all parts of the State can be busy hives of productive activity in furtherance of the fundamental Centennial theme.

To a substantial degree certain of the most important physical aspects of the Centennial can be developed, war or no war.

In the course of doing our daily tasks, even in wartime, every one of us can, by spending an extra hour today and another tomorrow, work a transformation in a year's time in the appearance of his home, farm, shop or factory. If each of us can have the help and co-operation of family, neighbors, and associates in business, church or club activities, and, in his turn, will give a full measure of help and co-operation with an eye to the beautification of his surroundings, the State of Utah can be adorned with attractive villages, towns, and cities well before the dawn of the Centennial year.

War-imposed restrictions may aid rather than hinder us in this achievement. Deprived of means and opportunity to travel, we can spend our time, energy and money at home and have, as the outcome, the satisfaction and pride of having our efforts produce orderliness, neatness, and beauty in our immediate surroundings.

Who has not enjoyed a merited sense of satisfaction and pride upon seeing, as the result of his handiwork, a neatly kept lawn; a well-cultivated and arranged garden; beautiful shrubs, stately, healthy trees; a well-laid-out farm, efficiently managed; an orderly and attractive home, shop or factory! Whoever has not had this experience has been denied one of the most gratifying of emotions.

There is beauty and inspiration in every manifestation of care and pride in the use and preservation of machinery, tools, equipment, furniture, buildings, fences, houses, barns, and shops.

It takes the soul of an artist and a poet to keep alive the appreciation of orderliness and craftsmanship which was so plentiful in Utah pioneer communities. One needs only to take the time to examine the buildings erected by early settlers of this State to discover a high standard of care and craftsmanship in the construction and adornment of their buildings.

These are the evidences of culture, artistic sense, self-respect, and character in craftsmanship which we today must emulate, and by doing so honor ourselves as being worthy of our pioneer ancestry.

Our Centennial Celebration will be empty and unworthy, if we do not exhibit unmistakable evidence of civic pride and of the sturdy virtues of industry and good husbandry, orderliness, neatness and love of beautification, which are such eloquent expression of the idealism of the pioneers. They dreamed dreams of beauty for their mountain homeland, and they worked hard to make those dreams real in productive fields and blossoming landscape.

NATURE has made Utah beautiful with unmatchable color and variety. We who love her will aid her, and will never let it be truthfully said of us that "man is the great defacer." If we sincerely admire her and love her for her beauty, we delight in paying our homage to her by doing everything we can to enhance her beauty, and nothing to mar it.

Utah, the Star of the West, gains her physical beauty and color from nature, and her brilliance and luster from the sterling character of her citizens, who express their virtues in the attractiveness of their persons, personalities, and property.

The Centennial Celebration of 1947, war or no war, will call the people of the State upon the stage, in the center of the spotlight, to exhibit the fruits of their pioneer heritage. Shall we earn the applause of the audience, as being worthy of the admiration which our famous ancestors have won?

A good, practical example of collective community action toward beautification is offered in the situation in certain Salt Lake City areas where fast-growing, short-lived trees were planted in the early days to provide quick shade. These have now spent themselves and are dead. Equipped with available city-owned machinery, responsible groups of individuals, civic clubs, priesthood groups or quorums, by working to a well-planned schedule and assignments, could remove the trees in a short time, cut up and save the wood against times of local need and, at the same time, improve the general appearance of the community, remove hazards to life and property and make ready for planting of new trees according to the city's plan. A similar project in many Utah communities can be the starting point for wartime community beautification.

Every community, through the action of individuals and organized groups, can participate in annual or more frequent "clean-up and paint-up" campaigns, and can thus put in

(*Continued on page 128*)

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The Bureau

Vesta Pierce Crawford

VESTA PIERCE CRAWFORD

YOU remember your Grandma Watts, don't you? Bertha Carlson, she was, before she married me. You remember when she died, but that was a long time ago and you were living in California.

I suppose Bertha was very much like other women, only better. But when we were young I thought there was one particular thing about her that was peculiar. She set her heart on a piece of furniture.

I remember the first time Bertha mentioned wanting a bureau. We called them bureaus then, although I hear your wife referring to them as chests of drawers. We needed bureaus badly because the houses had no built-in cabinets. We had just moved into our first home—one room. There sat Bertha on the floor with a heap of bundles around her, all her wedding finery. She held some lacey things in her pretty hands and she looked at me with coaxing blue eyes. "John," she said, "I do wish I had a bureau."

I bent down and put my arms around her and kissed her auburn hair, and I said, "Don't you worry, Bertha. I'm the one that's going to get you a bureau and everything else you want."

I didn't know then what I've learned since or I wouldn't have made promises. I never would have made promises. It takes a long time to learn things, and sometimes you don't learn until it is too late.

Bertha must have thought of that bureau a lot after she first mentioned it. Just before our first baby came she asked about it again. She had all the clothes about done, stacks of them, but where she got the cloth from I don't know, for I wasn't making much. Dry farming, you know,

depends on the weather. You don't have a regular income. So, as I said before, I don't know where Bertha got the cloth for the baby clothes. Maybe her folks gave her some or she might have cut up some of her wedding things.

I can't forget that evening. It was November and the wind rattled the door. Bertha was sitting by the kitchen range with her crochet hook flying, and there, piled on the table were the baby things. She said she felt pretty good and she laid down the crocheting and started to fix my supper. She began to move the things off the table. Then she stopped and said, "John, dear, I do wish I had a bureau. It would be nice if I had some drawers to put these things in."

I put my arm on her shoulder and I asked, "How much do they cost?"

"Maybe fifteen dollars," she said, "or twenty-five for a big solid-oak one."

But I didn't have a five in my pocket.

The next day I went to the store and got a big empty dry-goods box, and together we lined it with cloth and put the baby clothes in it, and Bertha seemed contented.

Queer about women, though. She had her heart set on the bureau. Never asked for much else, and I made up my mind I'd get the bureau for her as soon as ever I could. That wasn't easy to do, for we always needed something else worse —a new cook stove, a carpet, some tools or machinery. Then we had to build on to the house and make it larger, as you see it now, with this fancy porch and the bedrooms and all. We had five children and we needed the extra rooms.

When I saw Bertha getting old and frail looking, I was worried. She never mentioned the bureau any more. I did manage to buy some furniture, a sofa, and a leather chair, and a desk for the parlor. We got along and we tried to be kind to each other. But even when I was alone, her voice seemed to be ringing in my ears. This was strange, for Bertha was a quiet woman by nature and she was never one to nag about anything. Once when I was sitting at sundown on a ledge above the river a light wind was blowing. Then, all at once, I thought I could see Bertha coming up the cliff, and I thought I heard her say, "John, I do need a bureau."

I was terribly ashamed of myself and I made up my mind to get the bureau at once. Our youngest daughter, Emily, was going to get married. Her mother kept sewing and sewing, and there were patterns and goods and thread scattered all about and stacks of new things around. One afternoon I came in early from the field, and there sat Bertha at the sewing machine, treadling fast. She stopped suddenly and looked up at me. In a minute tears were streaming down her face. She turned away and treadled again. Emily went over and touched Bertha's gray hair and asked, "What's the matter, Mother?"

I knew what it was. She wanted that bureau so that Emily's wedding things could be put away and kept in good shape until she was ready for them.

This time I was surely going to get the bureau. I told Emily my plans. I was going to surprise her mother by bringing home a bureau.

On the way to town I met Bart

Sanders. He asked me if I wanted to buy his mowing machine. He was moving away and the machine was a good buy. I needed it the worst kind for my own mower was broken down, and was always at the blacksmith shop just when I needed it most. A good machine would be an investment. I told Bart I would take it and pay cash down.

I hated to do it, but I thought that sometime later I could buy a better bureau for Bertha and she would be that much more pleased. She could afford to wait a while longer since she wasn't expecting the bureau anyway.

I went home with the mowing machine and showed it to Bertha and Emily, but I didn't say anything about having intended to spend the money in another way.

SIX months later our Emily got married. Bertha and I were alone in the house. Alone. I tell you I never heard so much silence.

Then one night after supper when I was sitting at one side of the table and Bertha across from me, she said quietly, "You didn't get it, did you?"

I shifted around in the chair. "Get what, Bertha?"

Her voice was level. "The bureau. Emily told me you were going to get a bureau to keep her wedding things in. I believed you really would. But it doesn't matter any more. Now the children have come and gone there isn't anything left to use a bureau for."

Her face was gray and she didn't say anything more. After a while she went into the bedroom and closed the door quietly. I don't remember how long I sat at the table.

She wouldn't need a bureau now, she had said, but a woman can always use a bureau.

Five years after Emily was married the lucern seed crop was good. I had some extra money in my pocket. I hitched up and drove the wagon fifteen miles over to Mayfield and tied up at the Emporium. They had lots of bureaus, big high solid-oak ones, and wider ones made of white maple, and polished walnut bureaus with six drawers.

Then all at once I saw the one I wanted. It was a beauty. Painted green, and over that, for trimming, big pink roses. It had golden looking handles and carved legs with shining casters. I bought it. Fifty dollars, but it was worth twice that. I loaded it on the wagon, covered it with an old quilt, and drove home. I remember, yet, how anxious I was to get there.

Bertha had gone out somewhere. I set the bureau by the bed in our room and then I went into the kitchen to wait. What would she say? What would she think of the green paint and the pink roses?

It was fall, and when Bertha came in she was wearing her coat, a gray coat buttoned up tight. "Well, John," she said, "when did you get home?"

"Just now."

"Where have you been?"

"Nowhere."

She took off her coat and started for the bedroom. I held my breath.

She stood in the doorway. She kept standing there.

"Bertha," I said, "don't you like it?"

Finally she turned around. Her face was as gray as ashes and she was

trembling. She tried to smile and I had a queer idea that she was trying to make the years drop off her. She walked toward me slowly and put her hand on my shoulder. "John," she said, "you got the bureau after all."

But she didn't put a thing in the drawers. Time after time I looked, but there was never the least trinket put in the bureau.

One day I asked, "Bertha, don't you like the bureau?"

She didn't look at me. "Sure," she said, "I like it fine. It's the handsomest bureau I ever saw."

But I wasn't satisfied and I wasn't pleased with myself. I went to the window and watched the rain beating down and there was no comfort in it. The room was too quiet. I knew it would always be quiet.

I AM PEACE

Ivy Houtz Woolley

Drenched with blood are my robes of white,
My eyes have wept out all their light;
Bruised are my feet with broken steel,
Sad is my heart; my senses reel—
For I am Peace.

I have been crushed and wounded sore,
Unheard is my voice in cannons' roar,
Unfelt my touch, save by dying ones
As they clasp their hands 'round smoking guns—
But I am Peace.

The mother alone with her empty chairs
Can hear my voice, yet she hardly dares
To hope that I am still on earth
To spare the ones that she gave birth—
Still I am Peace.

I must spur forth, fling wide my door,
To bring my countries back once more,
And turn their darkness into light;
They shall live through this dreadful night—
For I am Peace.

A Pioneer Story—The Big Horn Basin

Pauline Taggart Pingree

Member of Relief Society General Board

GRANDMOTHER Janet McNiven was left a widow with two small children, a son, James, and a daughter, Jessie, when she was a young woman. She lived in Edinburgh, Scotland, until 1861, when she heard the gospel preached by the Mormon missionaries and became convinced of its truthfulness, and was baptized.

As did most people during the early days of the Church, she desired to come to Zion, so she sold her business and all her household belongings, said goodbye to her kindred and friends, and started out with her two children for a new world and a new life.

They crossed the Atlantic Ocean in the good ship *Underwriter*, leaving Scotland the middle of March and arriving in New York on May 22, 1861. These saints, with others, were presided over by Charles W. Penrose, Milo Andrus, and Homer Duncan. The six weeks' voyage was very rough; many were ill, and one man died and was buried at sea. A weary trek across the plains followed their arrival in America. Imagine the heartache of grandmother with no companion to help her share her responsibilities! She had supreme faith, however, that she would reach her destination and be able to make a home for herself and children. She was also very wise and very thrifty. She had a natural talent for nursing, and she always seemed to know what to do in an emergency—and there were many emergencies on the plains. Fortune seems to smile upon those women who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel; upon women who are not afraid of dreary, dry, irksome drudgery, who do not turn aside for obstacles, whether great or small. "He alone is great who by a life heroic conquers fate."

Grandmother and her two children did arrive safely in Salt Lake, and after a time she was married to Robert Hogg. Her joy at being in Salt Lake with the saints was short-lived, however. Brigham Young was calling men to go north, east, south, and west to start new communities. Grandmother, her husband, and children were sent to the little valley of Morgan where they settled in the town which is now known as Milton, about five miles from Morgan City. Here they built the first house in that locality. The first winter they had only one sack of flour and a very few necessities, and the winter was very severe.

Jessie (my mother) was now nine years of age. There were no schools of any kind in Morgan County and very few books. Mother learned to read and spell from the songbooks in Church. She was a beautiful singer, and she loved to read the hymns as well as to sing them. In

A. O. WOODRUFF AND JESSE W. CROSLEY, JR., ON WAY TO BIG HORN

time, she became a fluent reader and a lover of good literature. Mother was married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City to George H. Taggart when she was only sixteen years of age. The ceremony was performed by President Joseph F. Smith. Father had been sent with his father to Morgan to build a flour mill which was the first one in that part of the State.

Mother's first child was born when she was seventeen years of age, and from then on her children came about every two years. The family was very poor, and she was tried in many, many ways; but she was naturally of a cheerful, determined disposition, with a good sense of humor, and she made the best of every situation. There were no doctors in the community, so grandmother decided to be an obstetrician. She was the only one in Morgan for many years, and she did most of her work without monetary compensation. She must have been a good midwife, for she cared for my mother through sixteen, completely successful confinements. There was no chloroform in those days and child bearing was not the relatively easy matter it is today. I can see grandmother now with a little black lace bonnet on her head, a shoulder shawl, and a satchel, about which we were very curious as children. She would come every day for ten days, then, with the help of the older children, mother would again assume her responsibilities.

As Christmas time approaches, my thoughts always revert to my childhood. Our Christmas presents were few and simple. Among the presents I shall always remember were the silver rings father made for us out of silver coins. Dimes were used in making those for the smaller children, and quarters were used for the larger ones. He made our doll cradles, beds, sheet-iron stoves, with

an oven and stovepipe, for mud pies. Mother always knitted new stockings for us; I was quite a young lady when I had my first "store stockings."

As the family increased in number and the boys grew older (there were ten of them), father began to wonder what to do with us all. Being a tradesman, he had no land except the acre on which our home was built. For young people to leave home in those days to find work in the cities was considered a dangerous thing. About this time, the year 1900, Governor Deforest Richards, and Secretary of State Fennemore Chatterton visited President Lorenzo Snow and counselors asking for a colony of Mormons to be sent to the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming. President Snow appointed Owen Woodruff, of the Council of the Twelve, to take charge of the project, as he had been out to Burlington, Wyoming, and had organized a ward there. He had been shown the Greybull Valley and had seen the crops produced there, samples of which he had brought back to Salt Lake. He found that a permit had been issued August 10, 1896, to the Cincinnati Canal Company to build a canal that would irrigate a large tract of land on the north side of the Shoshone River. This company had sent the Honorable Frank Mondell, who at that time was United States senator from Wyoming, to make a report on the feasibility of building the canal. He had reported that it was impossible to accomplish such a project, so it had been abandoned and the permit had reverted to the State, December 14, 1898.

Elder Woodruff filed an application for this same tract of land on January 11, 1900, before the State Board of Wyoming. On February 2, 1900, Elder Woodruff requested the following gentlemen to meet him in Ogden, Utah, for the purpose of making a trip to the Big Horn Basin with a view to establishing a colony there: Byron Sessions of Woodruff, Rich County; H. K. North, Salt Lake County; George H. Taggart, Morgan County; John and William Simmons, Charles A. Welch, and John Croft of Morgan County; Brigham L. Tippets and William B. Graham of Bennington, Idaho; John Stephens and S. P. Sorenson of Montpelier, Idaho; Bishop N. P. Larsen and Mr. Gunsey of Thomas Fork, Bear Lake County. Most of these men had been farmers in their own communities, but none of them had had any scientific training of any kind. However, after going over the tract of land, the party decided there was a future for the country, that it was good cattle land, and that the opportunity for home building in many places was good.

Elder Woodruff made a report to the General Authorities of the Church. It was favorably received, and he was appointed to take charge of the colonization. Franklin S. Richards drew up articles of incorporation for the Big Horn Basin Colonization Company. The organization of this company was effected in Salt Lake City, April 9, 1900, but the company was organized under the laws of the State of Wyoming.

THE first settlers left their homes in Salt Lake City and began their journey to the Big Horn on April 25, 1900. They started early in the

MORMON PATHFINDERS TO THE BIG HORN BASIN, WYOMING

Front row: George H. Taggart, Byron Sessions, Abraham O. Woodruff, William B. Graham, Brigham L. Tippetts, S. P. Sorenson. Back row: Charles A. Welch, Hyrum K. North, John Stevens, William G. Simmons, John J. Simmons.

year, in order to avoid high water season, as many streams had to be forded, there being no bridges over most of them. The people were organized into companies similar to the way in which the early Mormon pioneers had been organized. My father was captain of one of these companies. My two brothers, John Robert and Bruce, and two sisters, Rebecca and Nettie, were in this company. (Mother and the other members of the family remained at home until later.) They traveled one whole month before they reached their destination. The same distance and practically the same route is now traveled in eighteen hours by automobile. They encountered many difficulties. There were no roads, just trails; and the weather was bad all the way. During the heavy storms the horses were without food except for the oats the men had taken with them. The men would tie quilts about the horses to keep them from freezing to death, while they, in turn, would sit around a campfire to keep themselves warm. There was considerable sickness, one little child dying of pneumonia. Father made a coffin for her from the end gates of wagons, and she was sent back to Utah for burial. The broken-hearted parents had to carry on.

The group arrived in the Basin May 24, 1900. Tents were pitched as there was not a house within a radius of fifty miles. Just three days later the first ecclesiastical organization was effected with 127 persons

PIONEER COMPANIES NUMBERS 2 AND 3 AT HAMS FORK

present. A Sunday School, Mutual Improvement Association, and Relief Society were organized. Lucy F. Grant, sister-in-law of President Heber J. Grant and wife of Morgan Grant, was the first Relief Society president.

This was a new country in very deed. The people were faced with many obstacles and trials of all kinds. There were no roads, no towns within fifty miles, no doctors within a hundred miles. Some of the people lived in tents, some in sheep wagons, and all realized it would be months and perhaps years before they would enjoy the real comforts of life. There was no mail service, and letters had to be taken to some roadside ranch many miles away, where the stagecoach would pick them up. Rattlesnakes, lizards, spiders, et cetera, were plentiful, and everyone had to be on the alert for them at all times. There was no feed for animals, except salt sage and a little grass. There was scarcely any grain in the country. Food had to be freighted in, and everything was very expensive.

On May 28, 1900, these good people knelt in prayer on the spot that was to be the head of the canal, and they asked for God's blessings upon them. Elder Woodruff officiated. Then the work on the canal began in earnest, and very hard work it was, lasting for weeks and months, with the wind constantly blowing and the dry sand flying. It was decided that each morning and evening while work was going forward on the canal a bugle would call the camp members together to sing praises to God, and to ask for his aid. Elder Woodruff, in outlining the task that was before them, admonished the people to be united, not to profane the name of Deity, to keep the Word of Wisdom, pay tithing, and keep the Sabbath Day holy. He promised the people that

if they would do these things the land would be a land of Zion unto them and their children. He said, "And that you may be united, I now, as an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, call each and everyone of you upon a mission to help build up this country; and if you will do this, the Lord will bless you forever."

Men who had only come to see the country were so impressed they decided to remain. To enable a people to perform any work, whatsoever, requires that they have faith in the ultimate result. No farmer would plant unless he expected to reap; no builder would build unless he expected to complete the structure; no journey would be attempted unless there existed a faith that the destination would be reached. So, likewise, the commandments of God are obeyed because there exists a faith that certain blessings will follow obedience. Through faith our ancestors accepted the gospel, and by that same faith they left their homes in the Old World and came to a new land feeling sure they would be able to make a better future for themselves and their children, no doubt without fully realizing the many trials that awaited them. This was true of the people who went to the Big Horn Basin in April 1900. They went with faith because the Church Authorities advised it and provided them with a leader. They had great hope for the future of themselves and their families. However, they did not fully realize the enormous task they had undertaken.

The great canal took four long years to build and, when completed, it was 37 miles long, 24 feet wide on top, 16 feet wide at the bottom. It was built at a cost of $100,000. It was never bonded, and when completed there was a credit balance of $2,500.

The people who worked on the ditch were given stock with the understanding that their land would cost them $6 per acre. It was later discovered it would cost them $7.20 per acre or $240 for 40 acres. Work had to be discontinued for a short period after the first six months, as there was no money with which to continue. A special fast meeting was held and everyone was asked to fast all day, and to implore the Lord to send some work whereby money could be earned to see the project through. Not many days passed before assistance came in the following manner: The chief engineer of the Burlington Railroad Company, Mr. S. P. Weeks, came to Elder Woodruff and told him he would like our people to build twenty miles of railroad. He said his company had heard that the Mormons were colonizing in the Basin, so had decided to build a line into the country. This was indeed good news, and contracts were signed for twenty miles of grading. Thus the prayers of the people were answered. While doing this work our people held devotional exercises night and morning, and no job was undertaken without calling upon the Lord for his help.

IT was October of 1900 that mother and the rest of the family joined father and the four children who were with him. The saints had made a camp on what is known as Sage Creek. It was about halfway between the head of the canal and the end of the project. It was here that mother and the family first located.

The wind blew constantly in this country and it was a very common thing to see tents uprooted and household belongings carried away, and what was left would be filled with sand. The water in Sage Creek was very bad and had to be boiled before it could be used. Mother would take the wood ashes and put them into a large barrel which she would have the boys fill with water. The ashes would clarify the water so it was somewhat better for laundering.

While we were living at Sage Creek an epidemic of smallpox broke out. There were no doctors to be had, so my mother, relying upon her own knowledge and wisdom and the help of her Heavenly Father, nursed not only seven members of her own family back to normal health, with no complications or bad after effects, but she aided others who were stricken. It was marvelous how nearly everyone survived this epidemic.

After a few months, father moved us down to the banks of the Shoshone River where the water was better and where there was some shade from the broiling sun. When we would get discouraged, we were reminded of the faith of our grandparents, their trials in crossing the plains and establishing homes in desert country in the early days. Did not Grandfather Taggart leave his wife and two little children at Winter Quarters and go with the Mormon Battalion to Mexico? We were reminded of his bleeding feet, with shoes gone when he arrived in California; of grandmother having to work to support herself and children while he was away. Father would tell us how he freighted for the Church as a boy of seventeen, making three trips across the plains without pay. Boys and men had been asked to volunteer for this work. No, there was no turning back. We had to live up to their example and carry on.

In the late fall of 1901 mother and the younger children moved to the Cowley Flat where the town of Cowley is now located, while father and the older children worked on the railroad. Here the families lived in tents until spring when the men folk began building their homes. That was a terrible winter. Typhoid fever paid the community a visit. Mother nursed the afflicted day and night. Her anxiety for the members of her family who were working on the railroad, especially for the girls who did the cooking for the men, was very great. I shall always know within my own heart that God was watching over us while mother was assisting others, and that because of the faith and prayers night and morning by the whole group, consisting of more than 100 men bearing the holy Priesthood of God, and because of the private supplication of each individual, we were indeed blessed by the Lord and protected from evil.

When the work on the railroad was completed, the men went back to work on the canal, which was completed in 1904. Crops were then planted and home building progressed. All the houses were built of logs. Father built us a very comfortable but humble home which surely seemed like a castle to us at the time. Of course, there were no electric lights, washing machines, irons, heating pads, vacuum cleaners, etc., in these homes. The joy

New School
LOG HOUSE WHERE FIRST SCHOOL WAS HELD IN COWLEY

of such things was not known until long afterward. Coal-oil lamps were used exclusively. (Lanterns were carried at night so one would not get lost on the prairie.) Baths had to be taken in the wash tub, which was no small task for us as we had a large family and water had to be hauled from the river a distance of four miles, and it had to be used sparingly. I am reminded of Alice Morrill's poem "The Pioneer Mother" which is so applicable here:

A limitless expanse of wilderness surrounds
her cabin home.
The sun glares hot and pitiless by day, by
night, the weird winds moan.
Deep in her heart she makes a grave; lays
there her hope of luxury,
And gives her life, a ransom for the generations yet to be.

In summer, the children went barefoot to save their shoes for winter. Clothing was handed down from one child to another until it was worn out. Sewing bees by the women were the social gatherings. At these gatherings or bees, quilts were made, rags were sewn for carpets, and burial clothing was made. There were no undertakers and when death came the women had to take complete charge. During the first few years, my father made all the caskets, and we girls used to help him line and trim them.

My father made violins for the boys and guitars for the girls. They were beautifully made with wonderful tone quality. There was always music in our home as we were all blessed with musical talent—a talent also possessed by father and mother. Our home was open to all, and there were many happy gatherings there.

Young people are pretty much the same in any locality. They like to dance, to play ball, have concerts, shows, etc. This was true of the young people in this settlement. The meeting house, which consisted of one large room with a stage at one end and which was heated by a large stove, was used for all community recreation, such as dancing, shows, basketball, etc. It was rather difficult to get the spirit of worship

in the building on Sunday where the night before a heated basketball game had been played.

The people of this pioneer community believed in education. The first schoolhouse consisted of two large rooms built of logs and heated by a large stove. The settlers yearned for higher education in all its phases. In a new country the people have to provide all such things for themselves; and while they may not always provide that which is most satisfying, they meet the needs to a certain extent.

Much trouble was encountered by the people the first time the water was turned into the great canal. The ground was terribly dry (in fact, I don't believe it had had a good soaking since the time of Noah), and much of it was so sandy that it simply could not hold the water; so repair work on the canal had to begin immediately and go on constantly. Senator Mondell stated at one time that the Sidon Canal project would never have been successful except for the rare courage of the Mormon people.

The first year the crops were fairly good, then alkali came upon the land. This was like a plague to the people. Nothing would grow where alkali prevailed. So a drainage system had to be worked out; large trenches were built at great expense to the people who were not prepared to meet such a problem. In time, however, the land was drained and crops were again planted.

When the Government decided to open a road into the eastern part of Yellowstone Park beginning at Cody, Wyoming, our people contracted to build sixteen miles of it. This work provided money for the people once more. While building this road into the Yellowstone the same procedure was followed as on the railroad work—morning and evening devotional exercises were held daily, with Church services on Sunday. Some of the best meetings I have ever attended were held out under the pine trees, and many times God seemed very close to us. One whole summer was spent on the Yellowstone Road project and this road is now the east entrance to Yellowstone Park. Many tourists prefer this entrance. It is very scenic and people are curious to see Buffalo Bill's town of Cody. Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody) was a very interesting character and he was very friendly to our people. He paid them a great tribute. He had secured a permit to irrigate all the land on the north side of the Shoshone River from Eagles Nest to the Big Horn River, but he said, "If the Mormons want to build a canal and irrigate the land lower down the River I will relinquish both land and water to them, for if they say they will do this I know they will; they are the kind of people who do what they agree to do." He did what he said he would do, without compensation, much to the disgust of his partner who wanted $20,000 for the transfer. When the transfer was completed Buffalo Bill said, "Now my dream will be realized for I have wanted to live to see this country developed into a great agricultural region, and the Mormons will fulfill my dream."

Father passed away in August 1924, age 76, and mother six years later, at age 77, leaving a large posterity. Mother was a Relief Society officer for many years, and president

—Courtesy Bishop James Harston

COWLEY WARD CHAPEL AND AMUSEMENT HALL, COWLEY, WYOMING

of the Cowley Ward Relief Society for eight years. (The desire of their hearts was granted in that they were privileged to live to see the members of their family grow up and establish homes of their own. All the children were married in the Church but one, which, according to the Mormon philosophy of life, is very important. Their descendants love and respect them and appreciate the wonderful influence they have exercised over them.) Father and mother were faithful members of the Church all the days of their lives. Mother's last advice to her children was for them to continue to live the gospel and be faithful and true to God.

As I write of my mother, I am thinking of many more wonderful women like her who worked with her for the benefit of the Big Horn community. They were good neighbors and wonderful souls. Many of them are still torch bearers in the Big Horn Basin.

THE final chapter of this great country is yet to be written. I have not pretended to write a complete history. Many of those first pioneers have become very prosperous, some became discouraged and left the country, others have comfortable homes and good farms. Some have failed, materially speaking, but have gained spiritually; others have not progressed at all. However, we find these things to be true in every locality.

Wonderful highways now connect the various communities, and with the automobile it is now possible to keep in close touch with the outside world. The railroad passes through these communities assuring mail twice each day. The three towns of Lovell, Byron, and Cowley all now have good chapels, schoolhouses and amusement halls. The Holly Sugar Company built a large sugar factory in Lovell which has been in operation for many years. Lovell, in the year 1900, boasted four families, two of which were bachelors. The 1942 census showed it to have 3,500 souls. There is also a canning factory in Cowley where all

(*Continued on page 89*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponents*, February 1, and February 15, 1885

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

Editorial: Marvelous Times—Who can say that these are not marvelous times and big with wonderful events? Every day some startling development is made that makes one conscious of the fact that these are the times that try men's souls to the very centre. With all the accidents of the nineteenth century nothing is so effectually calculated to prove a destructive agency for the wicked and ungodly as the invention and manufacture of dynamite. What may not be accomplished by this terrible agent of destruction when manipulated by cruel, designing and unscrupulous men or women, though we instinctively shrink from the acknowledgement, yet women have been proven equally cruel with men when occasion required urgent action. . . .

The recent explosion in London has opened the eyes of many who sat in darkness on this subject, and that was no doubt only an experiment, and ere long the nations will awaken to the consciousness of the astounding fact that when there was seeming security, they were treading upon dangerous ground that might at any moment explode and swallow them up. Secret societies, combinations and organizations are banding themselves together for certain purposes, and it would seem the time is fast approaching when every man's hand will be against his neighbor, and he who will not take up his sword must needs flee to Zion. . . .

* * * *

Editorial Notes: Mrs. John T. Caine and Mrs. Franklin S. Richards attended the recent Convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association in Washington.

A very pleasant ladies' tea party was given at the Devereux House on Thursday, January 29, by Mrs. Priscilla Jennings, who is a most entertaining and hospitable hostess. There were between thirty and forty ladies present, most of them widows and missionaries' wives. The supper was very handsomely served, the table being very beautifully decorated with fragrant flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Jennings as host and hostess cannot be excelled. The afternoon and evening were spent by the ladies in social conversation, and every one seemed to intensely enjoy the visit. Devereux House is a beautiful modern mansion, and with its large and elegant parlors, commodious dining apartments, and handsome and complete library, conservatory and other luxuries, possesses all the advantages of a refined and luxurious home. We heartily wish its inmates long life and health to enjoy the blessings with which they are surrounded.

Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith's birthday passed off very quietly. She received those who called to congratulate her in her parlor at the Lion House. The honored lady has now reached the advanced age of 81 years. Her health is excellent, her faculties unimpaired; indeed her memory seems as bright and perfect as ever, and her mind as clear and active as it ever has been; she still continues to write and works more hours in the day than most young people. . . .

* * * *

Correspondence: Snowville, Box Elder County, Utah, Editor Exponent—

As I have never read anything in your valuable columns about Snowville (which I will state for explanation is named in honor of our beloved Apostle Lorenzo Snow, and not because we have any more snow than you do in Salt Lake City), I thought I would drop you a few lines concerning our ward. We are, the most of us, striving to be Latter-day Saints. Our Relief Society is in full force, with Sister Mary Goodliffe as Prest. They look after the poor in purse and spirit, and the sick also; they have lots of wheat on hand, in fact the Bishop says they are the richest people in the ward, and if you want anything done without fail, call on the Relief Society, and it is done. . . .

Your paper is a welcome guest in our homes and we say long life to "Aunt Em" and her able staff and God bless you.—Secretary.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

WAR has greatly revolutionized snobbish and unsociable attitudes in Great Britain. From duchesses down, women between the ages of eighteen and fifty are drafted for work; and many, too high-born for this privilege before the war, like work and wish to continue doing it. They also like the other women they meet. Three-fourths of the young people—formerly rather lonely—are now affiliated with youth groups, and juvenile delinquency has greatly decreased since these movements were organized. Nursery schools are excellent and numerous. Postwar planning embraces many civic centers for youths and adults with a complete range of cultural projects. Caroline Haslett, wartime adviser on women's training to the British ministry of labor, believes that, in the future, women will take a more important part in Parliament.

HANNA KISTER, a Polish refugee, fled to America with her husband. They had been internationally known publishers in Warsaw. They have started the Roy Publishing Company in New York, and a book which Mrs. Kister discovered and had translated into English as "Blessed Are the Meek" has become a best seller. This beautifully written work is based on the life of St. Francis of Assisi, who gave up all his wealth to follow the Savior's pattern. What became of the book's author, Mrs. Zofia Kossak, in the tragedy of Poland, is unknown.

EUROPE'S first woman commentator, Lisa Sergio, is now a resident of the United States, and is heard over the air on a national radio network. Her comments are intelligent and her English almost entirely without accent.

EDITH RUSSELL, a young British missionary with distinct writing ability, has been associate editor of the British Mission magazine, the *Millennial Star*, for a year, the only woman to be on its staff during its 105 years of publication.

AMERICAN-born Nancy Langhorne, now Lady Astor, was the first woman in Great Britain to be elected to the House of Commons. This is her twenty-fifth year in that position. She has decided not to stand again for Parliament.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 32 FEBRUARY 1945 NO. 2

Honesty

IN considering life as it must be met today, one is forced to recognize the need for straight thinking, courage, steadiness of purpose, stability of character, and a firm belief that God is at the helm. We must acknowledge the need for mankind to accept in practice, as well as in theory, the great moral principles of the ages, a desertion of which has always brought sorrow or destruction. We must realize that character building is in reality "the most important business of life," and that character is built through the adoption of moral virtues such as simple honesty, truthfulness, and love.

Dr. Harold T. Christensen in a Relief Society social science lesson declares honesty to be the "core of character." He says, "It would be impossible to conceive of character without honesty, for any structure founded upon deceit and falsehood is founded upon sand rather than rock, and must inevitably fall."

Yet, mankind throughout the ages has deserted this fundamental virtue. Strange as it may seem, he has done this in an attempt at self-benefit. But always in the end it has rebounded to his injury. The Bible furnishes us a good example of this. A certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession. Instead of turning it all to the apostles, as was the plan, they held back part of the price, being dishonest with both man and God. Peter severely rebuked Ananias. Upon hearing the words of Peter, Ananias fell down dead, and his wife likewise.

Examples of dishonesty are all too plentiful. Every day we hear or read of dishonest behavior or we encounter it in some form or other. An item in a local paper, issued immediately following Christmas, reported that the Christmas season of 1944 closed with one of the worst shoplifting periods in history. At one drugstore losses from larcenists were estimated as high as $500 a week, and a special office had to be set up to "reprimand" shoplifters. Shoplifting, store managers agreed, was not confined to needy persons as several influential citizens were caught with stolen goods. One store manager declared, "The number of adults guilty of shoplifting would put any juvenile delinquency campaign to shame." He estimated his losses would run into thousands of dollars for the month of December.

Dishonesty takes many forms. It appears as lying, cheating, stealing, deceiving. It asserts itself in thinking and in motives. It may be expressed by word, by deed, and by implication. It may be directed against man and God, and there are many who are dishonest with self.

No matter what its form or against whom it is directed, dishonesty is destructive and demoralizing. It injures the one who practices it and wrongs the one against whom it is directed. It in no way builds nor strengthens nor benefits.

Honesty, or any other moral virtue for that matter, cannot be established in a day. Moral instruction to take root must be started early and it must be continuous. Morality cannot be taught merely by precept; precept must constantly be supported by example. Parents, mothers in particular, must realize their tremendous responsibility in this respect.

Knowing how desperately the world is in need of a return to the absolute moral principles which have always served mankind, recognizing how urgent is the world's need for honest men and women—men and women of character—we should give full attention to the building of such men and women. If we would conscientiously begin now to train our youth to be strictly honest and virtuous, if we would teach them to put principle above immediate personal gain, the next generation would have a world fit to live in.

B.S.S.

A Pioneer Story—The Big Horn Basin

(*Continued from page 85*)

kinds of vegetables are canned. Considering the obstacles the early pioneers encountered and the struggles they had in order to get along during the first few years, they did remarkably well and proved themselves to be strong souls. "The tendency to preserve, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities: it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak."

In the final analysis it does not make much difference where we live, but how we live; it is this that determines our success in life. Thetefore, I would say to all people "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life" (John 6:27). "And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not" (Gal. 6:9).

Historical dates included in this article are from the book by Charles A. Welch, *History of the Big Horn*, Deseret News Press, 1940. Early-day pictures used in the article are from the same book used by courtesy of Louise Welch Taggart.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Lunch At Relief Society Work Meeting

THE question of serving lunch at noon in connection with Relief Society work meetings, is fairly general throughout the organization, and has the approval of the General Board although not instituted nor required by the Board. Various plans are in effect for providing this lunch. For example, in some wards, groups of members are assigned to supply the lunch for the entire group once a year; in others, each member brings her own lunch and is supplied with a supplementary drink or dessert by the Society; and, in other instances, the Society meets the entire expense, assigning committee members to prepare the food. The matter of meeting the expense of such lunches was considered at a meeting of the General Board, November 29, 1944, when it was decided that all Relief Societies should be authorized to use funds of the Society for this purpose, leaving it optional with local Relief Societies as to whether they meet this expense entirely, or whether they supplement lunches brought by members individually or in assigned groups.

Although approving the custom of providing lunches at work meetings which extend over the lunch period, the General Board urges that such lunches be very simple.

Suggestive Program For Sunday Evening, March 4, 1945

IN accordance with the plan announced by the First Presidency in 1942, designating the evening meeting of Fast Sundays for use by the auxiliaries, the Relief Society was assigned the Fast Sunday evening meetings of March and November. The November meeting constitutes the annual ward Relief Society conference, but the March meeting is open for any type of program relating to Relief Society, coming as it does on the first Sunday of the month in which the Relief Society was organized.

Fast Sunday in March occurs this year, March 4, 1945. Ward Relief Society presidents may, therefore, consult their respective bishops and ask for permission to arrange for a Relief Society meeting on this evening. The General Board submits the following suggestive program for this occasion. Supplementary suggestions for the talks and copy for the dialogue "The Unseen Basket" have been mailed to stake and mission Relief Society presidents for distribution to local Relief Societies.

Program

I. Musical Selection . . . Relief Society Singing Mothers (where such choruses are available)
II. Invocation
III. Musical Selection . . . Relief Society Singing Mothers (if available)
IV. Felicitations on 103rd Relief Society Anniversary . . . Ward Bishop
V. Dialogue: "The Unseen Basket" . . . Relief Society Mother and Daughter
VI. Musical Selection . . . Relief Society Singing Mothers (if available)
VII. Talk: "Home—A Place of Encouragement" . . . Relief Society Officer or Member
    1. Renewal of spiritual strength through prayer
    2. Courage through love and understanding
    3. Sustenance through sharing and co-operating
VIII. Musical Selection . . . Relief Society Singing Mothers (if available)
IX. Poem . . . To Be Read Slowly as Relief Society Singing Mothers Hum
X. Benediction

THE BIG HORN BASIN

Pliny A. Wiley

The sun burst on the mountains—
The Rocky western wall
Where Yellowstone's great fountains
Forevermore enthrall.

The sun set on the eastern range
The Big Horn's matchless steeps
Where alpenglows in beauties change,
And grandeur vigil keeps.

In the Big Horn Basin's glory
Beside its canyon grand,
I read creation's story
Writ by the Master's hand.

I viewed the towering works of time;
With aeons and ages I trod.
I read his narrative sublime;
The manuscript of God.

Mother-in-Law

Edith Lovell

GRACE found the timetable on a rainy Sunday afternoon. Beth had put on her coat and tied a scarf around her bright hair, and Grace had almost said, "Don't go out in the rain, Beth; you'll catch cold!" Almost. She remembered in time that it would sound mother-in-lawish, and held her tongue. Beth went out in the rain and turned south toward the path over the slope at the end of the street.

Grace picked up the book Beth had been reading and a folder fell out of it. It was a railroad timetable. Grace stared at it silently and realized what it meant. It meant Beth was going to leave her and go back to her aunt in Texas. It meant that Beth couldn't stand it here any longer. It meant that Grace had failed as a mother-in-law. She had tried so hard! She had come to love Beth deeply. Where had she failed? What had she done?

Grace could remember every detail of that crisp fall day when Beth had arrived.

* * * *

"Well, all dressed up to impress your new daughter-in-law!" Bill Johnson teased Grace, as she hurried into the little station. Grace smiled nervously and smoothed her new gloves.

"How soon will the train be in?" she asked.

"Any minute now," said Bill. "Yep, here she comes."

Grace looked quickly to see if her stocking seams were straight. She hoped she looked all right. How should a mother-in-law act? *Mother-in-law* is such an alien word! She did want Tommy's wife to like her.

Tommy had written,

"', . . so I'm sending Beth to you. There's no use of you both living alone. You'll be less lonesome together, and Beth hasn't any folks at all except her aunt and uncle here in Texas. She'll be the daughter you've always wanted. Take good care of her for me, will you, Mom?"

The train wheezed to a stop. Watching the steps, Grace thought, Let's see, I musn't be bossy, or prying, or critical.

Then Beth stepped off the train. She was tall. Poised. She wore a brown suit and a brown felt hat. She looked around an instant and then walked quickly to Grace.

"You're Tommy's mother," she said.

"Hello, my dear," said Grace. She put her arms around the girl and kissed her. Beth's skin was fresh and sweet; Grace felt a surge of warmth in her heart.

They smiled at each other, and then, because there was so much to say, Grace couldn't think of a thing.

"The car is out this way," she said, feebly, and picked up one of the suitcases. Beth picked up the other and they went to the car.

"You must be hungry," said Grace. "It's almost noon."

She drove downtown to Weston's best cafe. At the cafe, Grace's shyness subsided. They ordered.

"Now tell me about Tommy," Grace said.

"He's fine," said Beth. "Or he was when he left. He doesn't know where he's going, of course, but I guess it'll be overseas." She looked steadily at Grace.

"I have expected that," said Grace quietly.

"He's a grand guy," Beth's voice was husky. "We—I—," she stopped and then tried again. "You must be proud of him."

"I am," said Grace. She felt that she must say something to make Beth know she was welcome.

"I want you to know how glad I am you came here to stay with me," she said. It sounded like a speech, and Grace hadn't meant it that way at all.

"Thank you," said Beth.

When they were in the car again, Grace said suddenly, "Oh, your trunk. I forgot about it. Shall we go back and pick it up? If it isn't too big, I think it would go on the luggage rack."

"I—there isn't any trunk," said Beth. "Just my suitcases."

"Oh," said Grace. She wished she hadn't mentioned it. She didn't care whether Beth had one piece of luggage or twenty; she was only trying to be thoughtful.

I'll be more careful, she vowed mentally. I won't pry.

So at home she showed Beth to Tommy's room, which was to be hers, and then left her. She fussed around making a chocolate cake, fixing the roast which she had bought for the occasion. Her mind raced ahead to the days when she and Beth would not be strangers. Beth was a lovely girl—exactly the way you would want a daughter to be. Oh, they could make quilts and linens for her, against the day when Tommy would come back and they would want a home of their own. Grace was clever with a needle; she had often thought how much she would enjoy teaching a daughter to sew. She was glad Beth had no hope-chest.

Judiciously, Grace decided not to mention sewing until they knew each other better.

Grace set the table with her best cloth, a linen one with cutwork embroidery. She used her silver candlesticks with fat red candles in them, and the flames danced on the surface of the shining dishes. The dinner was perfect. Beth fingered the lovely linen cloth in appreciation.

They talked of Tommy. Beth told of his training hours at the airbase, of the other couples who were their friends, and of their picnics and Saturday night dances. Grace listened hungrily, for Tommy had not been home for over a year.

After supper, Beth insisted on washing the dishes. Wiping them, Grace blessed the bond that bound her to Beth.

THEY fell into a pleasant routine. Grace would cook breakfast and they would eat together. Then Grace would go to her job at the library, while Beth did the housework. She kept the house spic and span. She always had supper ready when Grace came home; her cooking was plain, but tasty. Grace found herself wondering about Beth's childhood, and how she had been brought up. Beth never mentioned her home in Texas. When a letter came for her, Beth said, "From my aunt, where I lived." That was all.

Grace scrupulously avoided all mention of Beth's former life; she didn't want to pry. Beth was neat, and quiet; she had an undefinable air of gentle breeding about her. Grace tried to be careful about pressing her clothes; she had her hair set every Saturday morning—she didn't want Beth to think she was slovenly.

But there was a wall of reserve between them. They were too polite, Grace thought. Yet, being a mother-in-law, how could she be otherwise?

There were nights when Grace could hear Beth move restlessly about her room, and mornings when Beth's eyes would be swollen and red from crying. Several times when Grace had heard Beth's restless footsteps, she had gotten out of bed to go to her. Then she would look down at her old-fashioned outing flannel nightgown and decide against it. Maybe Beth would think she was nosey. Besides, her nightgown looked so back-country.

And then there was the baby that was coming. Grace had guessed it almost at once. She said nothing, and waited expectantly for the time when Beth would tell her. Oh, it would be such fun to make baby things, and to take care of a baby again! But Beth said nothing, even when her condition became apparent. Grace knew that Beth should go to a doctor, but how could she suggest it? That would be interfering! Grace remembered how she and her own mother had planned for Tommy, and how close was the bond between them as they sat together and made tiny nightgowns. But Beth was remote, and Grace dared not intrude into her silence.

* * * * *

GRACE looked again at the timetable. If Beth left now, there would never again be an opportunity for Grace to win her friendship. That precious grandbaby would be born in Texas, and Grace wouldn't see it for years. A feeling of urgency shook her. She thrust on her galoshes and coat and hat, and hurried out of the house into the rain.

Walking toward the hilly path at the end of the street, Grace's thoughts cleared. Beth had walked this way alone many times. Maybe she liked to be alone. Maybe she didn't like living in the same house with her mother-in-law. Maybe she would like a little apartment. Humbly, Grace decided she would ask Beth why she didn't like it in Weston, and what could be done to make her happier. More picture shows? Some new books? Invite more young people in? An apartment?

At first the path was steep, and then it veered off into a gully where aspen trees grew thick. It was there that Grace found Beth, crumpled up beside a fallen tree. Her clothes were soaked with rain, and she was crying.

"Beth," Grace cried sharply. "Beth, are you hurt?"

"N-no," said Beth. "I slipped and fell. Twisted my ankle a little, but I'm all right. It's nothing." But sobs shook her shoulders. Her tears mingled with the rain streaking down her cheeks, and the eyes that she raised to Grace's showed a stark aloneness that clutched at Grace's heart.

Relief that Beth was not hurt flooded her, and anger, too, that the girl had gone walking in the rain.

"Beth, get up! Your clothes are

soaked, and you'll have pneumonia. Why, you ought to know better, in your condition, to take such chances!"

Aghast, Grace heard her own voice, scolding. Hot tears blinded her. She put her arms around Beth to help her to her feet.

"Oh, you'll get muddy," Beth protested. Shocked, Grace thought, Why she thinks I care more for my clothes than I do for her!"

Grace's voice trembled with honest emotion.

"Muddy? Beth, I'd die if anything happened to you. I love you as much as I do Tommy. You—you're my daughter!"

Beth raised her head in surprise.

"Oh," she said brokenly. "You do care, don't you!"

She began to cry again. Grace put her arm around her and helped her limp home.

Grace put Beth to bed in one of the big outing flannel nightgowns. She put a hot-water bottle at her feet and brought her a glass of hot milk. They both cried a while, and their tears washed away the wall between them.

After a while Beth began to talk.

"I wanted to tell you about the baby, but I was afraid maybe you'd think I was—just someone for you to wait on." She drew a deep breath. "Your clothes, and your house and everything is so—so perfect—and I don't know how to sew, or anything."

Her eyes pleaded for understanding. Grace was appalled. All those months when she had been so careful of outside appearances, she had been driving Beth further from her. Because she had kept herself from asking questions and making suggestions, Beth had thought that she wasn't interested—that she preferred to remain a stranger! Oh, she hadn't been a mother-in-law, but she hadn't been a mother either! Grace had made a discovery. Mothers-in-law are meddlesome because they *do* care, not because they don't.

Beth was talking again. "Aunt Lydia was good to me, but she was always so busy; I helped with the housework, and she did all the sewing. There never was much money, so after high school, I worked at the laundry to help out. Then I met Tommy. It didn't seem possible for him to love me; he's so wonderful, and I'm so—ordinary."

"You suit me exactly," said Grace firmly.

After a while Grace went out and found the timetable and put it in the kitchen fire.

LAST NIGHT THEY PLAYED HIS SONGS

Anna Prince Redd

He left—
Without saying goodbye—
Just, "Hey, Mom!" as he pedaled away—
His little-boy voice, consumed by space,
Eludes my heart,
No sound comes back to me.
Aeons ago he left—
Without saying goodbye—
But last night they played his songs—
And he sat close to me.

Work Meeting

COMBINATION APRON AND SEWING BAG

ANY woman who sews, darns, mends, or does fine needlework, crocheting or knitting will appreciate an apron with pockets to hold her thimble, scissors, and tape measure, and keep her sewing clean, too.

This combination apron and utility bag* is very convenient and practical.

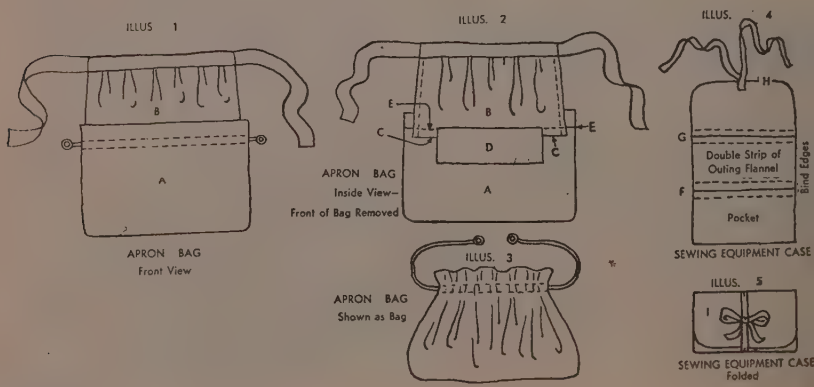
Materials required—1 1/6 yds. fabric, preferably heavy, washable print or solid color, 2½ yards cord or ribbon for draw string and to tie envelope accessory holder, bias binding, two wooden rings, beads or buttons.

To make—Cut two pieces of material 16¼ inches by 22 inches for bag (A) (Illus. 1). Seam the bottom and sides. Turn down 1¾ inches at top for hem. Stitch hem, then stitch ¾ inch from edge of hem to make a ¾ inch casing to enclose draw string. Leave seam on outside of casing open for draw string.

Cut one piece 10½ inches long by 22½ inches wide for apron part (B) (Illus. 2). Make ¼ inch hem on each side. Sew lower edge to inside of back of bag, stitching ¾ inch below (C) hem stitching. Make a second stitching over hem stitching (E) and through apron to hold apron in place and to cover raw seam. Make pocket (D) 4½ inches by 13½ inches finished with ¾ inch hem at top. Stitch to back of bag and over lower edge of apron, allowing top of pocket to come to stitching (E).

A small, envelope-style folder may

*This apron design was originated by Ruth T. Oscarson, first counselor in charge of sewing, Granite Stake Relief Society Board, Salt Lake City, Utah.



be made (Illus. 4), the pocket to hold small scissors, skeins of floss, buttons, thimble, etc., the strip of outing flannel to hold needle and pins. When folded at points F and G and tied with ribbon or cord attached at point H, a very compact sewing equipment case results (Illus. 5). This may be kept in small pocket in apron.

Band for top of apron and tie strings may be cut from remaining material.

When one stops sewing, the apron top may be folded down into the bag, the draw strings pulled, and presto, one has a utility bag to hang on one's arm to take places, or to hang by the draw string in a convenient place ready for future use.

Further suggestions on aprons will appear in the March issue of the *Magazine*.

SONG FOR A KITCHEN

Miranda Snow Walton

There are homes without a bedroom, where davenettes
suffice,
There are homes where parlors play no leading part;
There are homes that have no dining room, no pantry,
nor a bath,
But the home without a kitchen is a home without
a heart.

It's a sort of filling station for a boy of nine or ten;
It's the family trysting place with apple pie;
And the smell of hot, brown gingerbread upon a frosty
night
Is a memory you'll cherish 'till you die.

It's the room where you'll find mother, where little
folks can come
To tell their troubles, and have broken hearts made
whole;
Oh, a house can be most anything, a mansion or a shack,
But the home without a kitchen is a home
Without a soul.

Forward, Without Fear

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

CHAPTER 7

AGAIN Ann Kristin was out following the trail of the sheep. She was a long way from camp, and alone, and because of that the sack she carried was nearly full.

She was glad to get away from the others. There were so many new people in camp, and so much happiness. Newcomers were hunting relatives and friends. Letters were being read and discussed. Women, the more fortunate ones, were bargaining eagerly for new foods to relieve the monotony of their diets. Patty Lou was still going around in a daze trying to be with Jake and her family at the same time.

There had been a happy gathering in the Mortensen dooryard the evening before. Around the campfire, while the Turners ate, a story had been told and retold.

"How did you come? How did you know where to come? Who told you where to find me?"

"Jake did," Jinny, a younger sister, had answered, "and you-all are even prettier than he said."

Her letter had been months reaching them. After his first unreasoning anger at the thing that had taken his daughter away, Mr. Turner had fallen to wondering. He suspected she had no intention of returning home. It had taken him some time to arrange the transfer of money to her, then he had begun to investigate. He was curious about the power that could keep a girl like her among strangers.

"So," the story had ended, "we came on to Nauvoo. Everything we own is in these three wagons. Brother Matthew Lewis baptized us the same time he did Jake."

Patty Lou turned slowly to face Jake who sat beside her. Her eyes filled with tears of happiness. Jake, frightened by them and the solemnity, tried to grin.

"You-all ready to quit being cagey and marry me?"

"Jake Nichols. You are blind as a badger. I've been counting on it right along."

"Will you-all mind?"

"I love doing what pleases you."

"Make her give a definite promise," Mr. Turner advised, and the others smiled their agreement with him.

"I am not inferring this time," the girl turned serious. "I am so happy with the way the Lord has blessed me, I will do anything to show him."

Forgetting the presence of the others, Jake answered, "Oh, Patty Lou, you good-for-nothing Honey Chile. I been waiting for this moment all my life, and that's a right smart spell." Nestling one hand in his, the girl gave her father the other. Looking about to include them all she said simply, "You are my family."

Niels' eyes had said the same thing to Helga. Little Anna had awakened, and she passed from her fa-

ther to Helga and back again many times. Niels had a wagon and ox team now, and a cow he had lead all the way from Nauvoo. Being a property owner had given a new proud lift to his shoulders.

Only Ann Kristin was alone. So very much alone, she told herself as she picked snags of wool from the brush. Matt Lewis had come in with the wagon train but she had not seen him. For all she knew he might have brought a wife with him. Even so, she was deeply affected by what the Turners had said of him. He was a true son of his father. There would never be any doubt of his integrity, nor of his devotion to the cause. The girl who married him would be lead inevitably into the celestial kingdom. Perhaps he wasn't married, but would go on tomorrow with the freight. He was working with Jake between the settlements and Fort Bridger.

SUDDENLY Ann Kristin realized she was miles from camp. In all directions there was nothing but hot sky and brown prairie. A tremor of apprehension went through her. There might be Indians lurking near. She had been following a dry water course, now she walked to the top of a short rise and looked about. To the southwest a spiral of dust was rising as if in warning. She dropped abruptly to the ground and watched from behind the brush. She would have to crawl back down and find a hiding place—if there was a hiding place. It was a single horseman, and as she watched her fear vanished. It was a white man. Probably a scout, or some one following the sheep, for he seemed to be looking for some one. Several times he rose in the stirrups and looked about.

Ann Kristin rose and waved. Instantly the rider saw and came galloping toward her. It was Matt Lewis. He stopped his horse and sprang to the ground.

"What do you mean coming out here alone?" he demanded. "Don't you know there are Indians? You might get lost."

"Is that what you came out here to tell me?"

"Someone had to tell you."

"If you came out here to quarrel—."

"Who's quarreling? You—."

They both stopped abruptly. He lifted his hat and ran his finger through his damp hair. It was the same hat he had worn the first time she had seen him.

"You are thin," he said unexpectedly.

"Why shouldn't I be? We walked from Montrose. Your mother helped haul our things. We were fortunate not to have to carry them."

"Next time there will be room to ride. I have a wagon and team of my own now. Jake and I are hauling freight."

"Yes, I know. Jake told us." For the life of her she could think of nothing else to say. Her torn faded dress, her worn shoes, the bag of greasy wool embarrassed her. She was holding on to the bag with her bad hand. It was no longer withered but it would always be a little stiff.

"Did you—?" she began.

"No," he read her thought, "but it is no longer important. I found out all I needed to know." He had been holding the bridle reins. Now he looped them over his arm. His

gaze wandered a moment as if he were searching for words. "I found your money box," he said, abruptly.

"You found it!"

He nodded. "Not the money, naturally. One of the saints had bought it from Bedloe. It was a good strong box and evidently he could not resist the price it would bring. How he got it off the boat we probably will never know, nor how they managed to open the trunk without arousing suspicion. We knew it was yours by the initials of your father carved on the inside. Jake and I visited Wilkins. We made sure he did not see us coming this time. Under pressure he confessed. Bedloe was the leader of an organized band of thieves. Some of them, like himself, posed as saints to more easily win the confidence of the unsuspecting immigrants. But we did not find Bedloe."

Then Ann Kristin knew, too, that the affair was no longer important. What was important was her changed attitude, her increased strength. The sudden knowledge that men like Matthew Lewis could always be trusted. She could touch suspicion and still know faith, one could accept trials and still know peace. She could be friends with Matt.

"You know now that I signed the paper innocently?"

Instead of answering Matt looked at her. His gray eyes were reddened by wind and sun. Dust lay a hard veneer over his features, but the hardness of distrust was gone. He spoke simply.

"I have always loved you, Ann Kristin, from that first moment on the wharf."

Color drained from her face. She let the wool fall. He stepped closer. "Could you—I'm not polished like Bedloe, I have nothing to offer you."

"You have everything," she raised her eyes to him and wondered at her own temerity. "You have the Priesthood, heritage, honor, and a great kindness. Perhaps with you, Matt, I could forget the selfishness of my past."

With a whoop of joy he caught her up and swung her about as he had his mother. Then he set her down abruptly and almost timidly took her in his arms.

Later, from the pocket of his faded flannel shirt he took a small object wrapped in buckskin.

"Mother's ring," she cried out and reached for it. "Where did you find it?"

With one hand he held her back. His grin reminded her of the day she had seen him teasing his mother.

"This is mine. I got it from Wilkins the same night he took it from you. I gave him five dollars and defied him to refuse to sell. I think he knew then I was suspicious. He didn't dare squawk."

"Oh, my dear, as scarce as money was—and you have kept it all this time."

"I knew this hour would come. I had to know it." He slipped the ring on her finger and then held her hand in both of his. She looked at the ring and tears brightened her eyes.

"All our lovely things are gone. Except this."

"But you have something much better. Strength and fortitude, and understanding."

His compliment was so similar to hers she started to laugh. His smile

widened and then they were both laughing. Quick spontaneous laughter that brought back the lines of youth to their faces. He tied the wool on the saddle and they walked back to camp, savoring the minutes together. There was so much to talk about and their hands kept touching.

"We will be married tomorrow," he said at length. "Mother will be very happy. She sent me to find you. You can stay with her until we get settled, or would you rather be with Helga?"

"With your mother, then you can be with both of us between trips."

"I am not sure how long the trips will last. Much depends on what the body of the Church does. We can't settle here permanently. The saints are leaving Nauvoo and vicinity as fast as they can dispose of their property, and get wagons or carts to haul their few belongings. All must be gone by spring. Those in power have decreed it, which makes it much harder to sell anything. Especially land. Now Iowa, Nebraska, and Missouri are petitioning the Federal Government at Washington to refuse us permission to settle within the confines of their boundaries."

"But where can we go?"

"Brother Young is asking permission to settle in the Far West. That would entail much planning and more suffering. If there is a place of rest we will find it. I hope it will be next year. Take mother, for example. It is seven years since she gave up her home. In all that time she hasn't really been settled."

BUT the trouble of the saints was soon forgotten. They talked as young people in all ages have talked. The past was forgotten and the future was not yet upon them. Only the present was theirs. So short a present.

A mile from camp two men came riding hard out of the west. Matt stopped and his hand went to his gun. Even when he saw they were white men he did not relax.

"What news?" he asked as they pulled in their lathering horses.

"Plenty. Brother Young is behind us. He wants to meet all the men."

They were off again, and now the future was upon Ann Kristin and Matthew. The old sickening apprehension swept over her. His lips closed to a hard straight line, and his steps quickened. As they entered camp, they saw the buggy approaching. They stopped until it passed. Brother Young and two other men were in it.

"Go on," Ann Kristin told him. "I'll take the wool home. You can tell me later."

Without a word he hurried away. Holding to the bridle reins she led the horse past tents, shanties, and wagons. Before her own home she tied the horse to a wagon wheel and removed the wool and saddle. There was no one around. Even the Turners were gone, except Jinny and she soon left.

"Why don't you-all come to the meetin'?" she asked. "Everybody is goin'."

Ann Kristin refused. She felt the necessity of fortifying herself for Matt's return. If the news were bad —but she closed her mind to it. Perhaps the meeting meant they could settle in the Rocky Mountains, or even stay here. That would be won-

derful. She took up her knitting, but as time passed her fingers moved faster and faster. Surely, surely, the Lord would not try them longer, but why didn't Matt come, or Helga, or some one?

When she could stand the suspense no longer she got up and moved about. She was too tired to walk. Succumbing to a sudden whim she decided to dress up and go to the meeting. From a trunk she took the dress she had worn the day she left the River Maid. The one that had made her appear "overdecorated." She had not worn it since that day. She shook it out and ran a cold flatiron over it. The shoes were there, too, and the hat. She arranged her hair as it had been. When she had finished she surveyed herself in the small mirror she had. What she saw was not too reassuring, but such things as wrinkles and coarse rough hands were minor annoyances. Remembrance and expectation supplied what poverty and primitive conditions failed to grant. The transformation was complete even to the ring on her finger. For a moment she looked at it, then raised it to her lips and kissed it softly. Gathering her skirt in both hands she started for the meeting.

"Kristie."

"Oh," she dropped her skirt. Matt was standing in the doorway. His eyes lighted at the bridal picture before him, but love could not entirely erase the bleakness from his eyes. She moved quickly to him. His smile faded.

"Is it a mob or an order—or do we stay here?" she asked breathlessly.

"Neither. It is war. War with Mexico."

"But what has that to do with us? Surely after the way we have been refused homes—."

"—the Government would not expect us to help protect others' homes? Yes, it expects just that, and it is our country, Kristin. Brother Young is here with an army man to get recruits. Jake and Ezra have volunteered."

"But—but we are to be married. We have been unhappy so long."

Matt stepped inside. He put his arms about her shoulders and drew her close. He tilted her chin so their eyes met. Her hat fell off but neither noticed.

"Let me explain, dear."

"Yes—but, oh Matt, not now. Not when you have work and—."

"I must go. Try to understand. An older man, Niels perhaps, can do my freighting. The army pays seven dollars a month for privates, besides the clothes issued. I was a top sergeant in the Nauvoo Legion. I am hoping Captain Allen will give me a rating. If I go, other young men will go."

"How many do they want?"

"Five hundred. Think what seven dollars a month coming to five hundred of our homes could mean."

"But war! Life is ours now. You can't throw it away now. War is brutal and savage. There are Indians, and Mexico, where is Mexico? Matt, I may never see you again."

"Yes, it may even mean that. Even so, we have nothing to fear. The future is all ours."

"I want the present. Matt, don't go. Don't ask me for another sacrifice."

"Where is your strength, your faith?"

"I haven't any strength. I haven't any faith. I don't want any. I want you."

For a long minute he held her close trying to still the trembling of her body, but he said nothing. She laid her face against the rough cloth of his shirt. When she raised her eyes to him, the youth and gaiety were gone from them.

"I am all right now," she said quietly. "When do you go?"

"Tonight. Now."

"Tonight?"

"We must be in Council Bluffs by the sixteenth. It will take hard marching to reach there by then."

"And the others?"

"Niels and Helga, Jake and Patty Lou are being married by Brother Young. They wanted to send for you, but I wanted these few minutes with you alone."

"But—but—."

"There is no time for that for us." He took her hand and slipped the ring from her finger. Then he put it back.

"Our lives are like this ring. They are not to be lived in a straight line from one year to another, but in a circle, from eternity to eternity. There is no end to them, so we shall never be apart, not days, nor deserts, nor Indians can separate us for long. I will be back."

After a moment she answered, "I know you will. I'll go to your mother. And you will come there, wherever our home is."

The clear note of a bugle came to them. With a prayer in her heart and a smile on her lips she watched him stride away. She turned quickly then to put together her few belongings. Niels and Helga would want this cabin. She and Sister Lewis would go on together without fear. She whispered the last aloud.

THE END

FEBRUARY

Leone E. McCune

Ghostlike February,
In your tattered gown,
Hovering sad and lonely,
Trailing up and down.

I hear you at dawning,
Moaning sad and low,
Wandering like a lost soul,
Knows not where to go.

You drift in the hollow
'Neath the moonlit hill,
You shriek around the corner,
Weep upon my sill.

You will follow winter
When the sun rides high,
And pussy willows unfold
To a clear blue sky.

FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for February 1944, page 104.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

Australian Mission

JUNE CANNON ORME, recently released president of Relief Societies of this mission, wrote September 14, 1944:

"The work of the Relief Society is greater now than ever before within the mission. With the strain of this present time weighing heavily upon the women of the mission, the lessons and work outlined by the General Board is more and more appreciated. The constant visits and need for home life by servicemen from many nations is being met by the women within the mission in a most admirable manner. The mission home, alone, gives relaxation to literally scores each month. Many of the sisters are doing their best to relieve the situation by opening their own homes, and have done so for many months. It is a wonderful labor and a very happy work. We appreciate more than we can ever tell the contact we have with the sons of so many mothers at home. Ninety-nine per cent of those mothers in Zion can rest assured that their sons are clean before the Lord; this same thing can be said of those mothers who have daughters in the services. We get to know them very well in their visits, we have them living and eating and praying, studying and relaxing with us, and their attitudes and their worth speak well for the homes from which they come. The groups they form in advanced bases and the difficulties they surmount to form those groups is a living testimony of the fine homes from which they have come. Their devotion and desire to make contact with the Church upon arrival is a healthy sign. It is impossible to write an individual letter or history concerning each because they come and go so quickly, but such sons and daughters speak well for the women of the Church who are their mothers. I do not wish to depreciate the brethren who are the fathers in any way, but I am speaking only as a woman and knowing the program of the Relief Society, I think it is good, once in a while, to view the fruits of those who belong to this society."

California Mission

MRS. CLYDE BOOTHE, president of the Laguna Beach Relief Society, wrote recently: "Laguna Beach is a very picturesque little city, situated on the shores of the beautiful blue Pacific. The hills form a wonderful background, with lovely homes trailing to the upmost top of them.

"We were organized September 6,

ALEXANDRIA RELIEF SOCIETY, TEXAS MISSION
Missionaries Lewis R. and Laura M. Jenkins are in center, front row

1942, with 13 members; today we have 14 members and 13 subscriptions to *The Relief Society Magazine*. We are fully organized.

"In 1943, we held a bazaar and made $105.50; in 1944, we cleared $300 at our bazaar. We start the first of the year and make certain things each month; for example, January, pot holders; February, aprons; March and April, dish towels; May and June, baby clothes; July, luncheon cloths; August, scarfs; September and October, pillow cases; November, miscellaneous. In this way our sewing has been a tremendous success. All credit goes to the members and the wonderful helpers I have."

Texas Mission

LAURA M. JENKINS, returning short-term missionary, brought to the General Board, during 1944, the accompanying picture of the Alexandria Relief Society, and a history from which the following excerpts are quoted:

"In the five years since organization of this Relief Society in 1938, we have organized a Singing Mothers' chorus, have canned six hundred cans of fruits and vegetables; have given bazaars; put on rummage sales; given box suppers; made candy and sold it, standing on the street corners, for ten cents a bag, until we raised approximately $300. When sugar was rationed we were given special permission to solicit various business houses, and raised $700 in this way in 1943. With this $1000, matched by the Church, we purchased a six-room residence for a meeting place. Throughout the five years, there have sometimes been from five to six women meeting regularly, and more often two and three; there have even been times when the president was alone. There have been four presidents of this organization: Sisters Melhus, Viola Armond, Rhoda Mae Jones, and Bertha Wehner. We now have a

AUSTIN RELIEF SOCIETY, TEXAS MISSION
President Ruth Paris is standing in the back row, second from left.

fully organized society with a membership of seventeen."

LaVerne Walsh, secretary-treasurer of the Austin Branch Relief Society wrote in August 1944:

"Early this year our Society held a rummage sale and a bazaar the proceeds from which totaled approximately $125. We contributed $25 to our Church Building Fund, and it is a source of pleasure to our Relief Society that we have never failed to donate a part of the proceeds of every project to this Building Fund. We are holding two work meetings a month this summer, and these are devoted to working on articles for our next bazaar.

"In accordance with the Church Welfare Program, we have given much of our time to quilting, and this year have completed two quilts and have quilted one for a member. The quilting for members is one of our projects for the year. These quiltings are always enjoyable affairs, since we combine them with covered dish luncheons, and when the spirit of love, and friendship, and co-operation is added, then we have treasured memories in addition to a wonderful work well done.

We should like, also, to voice our appreciation to the wives of the army and navy men, for giving their time and their talents to our Society."

Northwestern States Mission

IN April 1944, before her release as president of the Relief Societies of the Northwestern States Mission, Edna H. Bennion submitted the accompanying picture and following statement:

"With the growth of war industries, many Latter-day Saints have come to the Northwest to work. Through the efforts of the missionaries a number of branches of the Church have been organized. In many places, they have started with

RELIEF SOCIETY OF VANPORT, OREGON, NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION (NOW IN PORTLAND STAKE)

a Sunday School and a Relief Society. Such a Relief Society is the one at Vanport, Oregon, a housing area just outside of Portland. All of the women in the organization live at Vanport and many of them work in the Kaiser shipyards where their husbands are employed. They meet at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning so they can be home in time to have dinner ready for their husbands as they come off day shift and the women go on the swing shift. They are all doing their bit to win this war, but they haven't lost their desire to meet at Relief Society. The Vanport Branch has grown to a complete organization of happy, faithful saints."

This branch has since been transferred to the Portland Stake.

Central States Mission

THE following reports from five branches of this mission were all submitted during the forepart of 1944. Their mission Relief Society president is Lydia Ann M. Romney.

May Kipp, president of Dodge City (Kansas) Branch Relief Society, wrote March 14, 1944:

"We were organized in the fall of 1940 with myself as president and Sisters Pauline Parsons and Louise Davis as counselors. We held our first bazaar a week before Christmas with very good success. We took in $35 which was an achievement as it established the bazaar idea within our group until we now sell handmade articles to many regular customers. We are selling a good many baby clothes at this time, and we, as a group, heartily endorse the idea of holding bazaars and keeping ready-made garments on hand. We have also made a good many surgical dressings and also cookies for the U.S.O."

Ada Van Dam, president of the Fort Sill (Oklahoma) Relief Society, submitted the following statement prepared by Mary G. Matheson:

"Fort Sill is the largest field artillery school in the United States.

DODGE CITY RELIEF SOCIETY, CENTRAL STATES MISSION
(Picture taken in 1942).

Many Latter-day Saint men are stationed here and consequently, a goodly number of wives have accompanied their husbands from Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Arizona and other states.

"We have organized a splendid branch, and the attendance at our Sunday School and the evening sacrament services rivals various Protestant gatherings held on the post. The services are conducted by army personnel as there are no civilian members located in this vicinity. With more of our brethren being stationed here, the number of wives coming out has increased, and many expressed their desire for a Relief Society. Ada Van Dam and Olive Phillips were instrumental in organizing our group under the direction of the Central States Mission.

"The first meeting was held in September 1943, with about ten sisters present. Our membership now averages twenty-three at every meeting. As we have no chapel of our own, our meetings are held in various members' homes once a week.

"We are probably the youngest group, in age, of any Relief Society in the Church. Many of our sisters are attending out here for the first time in their lives. The majority are newly married and are about twenty-two years of age.

"The lessons as outlined in *The Relief Society Magazine* are being followed and we all take turns instructing. It is a grand group, and the association with each other is doing much for all of us who are away from our homes in these troubled times. The branch is our mainstay, and we look forward eagerly to each meeting.

"Our Relief Society is responsible for beginning and continuing to hold socials once a month for all Mormons here. The young fellows in the army await anxiously the announcement of the next social. We had a Christmas banquet, New Year's Eve party, Valentine dance, and are plan-

FORT SILL RELIEF SOCIETY, CENTRAL STATES MISSION

(Picture taken by Gladys Kotter, a WAC from Brigham City, Utah). Left to right, front row: Mary Matheson, Ruth Mahoney, Beverly Solomon, Avelia Richards, Eleanor Murphy, Rheta Brammer. Second row: Helen Eldredge, Ada Van Dam (president), Ruth Nelson, Eloise Wise, Doris Rigby, Ivagene Thompson, Olive Phillips (1st counselor), Daisy Daniels, Carolyn Lorentzson, Helen Paxton, Margaret Jenson (2nd counselor). Back row: Carol Udy, Ada Robinson, Donna McDonough, Gladys Anderson, Cherie Lyon (secretary-treasurer).

ning another dance for March.

"Our capable president, Ada Van Dam and her counselors, Olive Phillips and Margaret Jenson, and secretary, Cherie Lyon, are indeed doing a fine work. They are all from Salt Lake except Olive Phillips who is from Lehi, Utah."

Shirley B. Paxman, a counselor in Wichita Branch (Kansas) Relief Society, wrote April 5, 1944:

"I've been meaning to express appreciation to you for the wonderful Relief Society lessons we've had this year. Everyone has commented on how fine they are, and they have all enjoyed them, especially this winter. I've been teaching the Bible literature lessons this past year and every one has been a joy to prepare. The material in all the lessons is handled so well that I'm sure it accounts for the increased interest and attendance at our meeting. At home I rather thought the Relief Society was for the older women, but I find I was mistaken since being active in the organization here. Though our membership is comparatively small we've accomplished a great deal. We've quilted one quilt; made two wool afghans of crocheted wool blocks made from old dresses and suits, which we donated to the Red Cross for convalescent soldiers; had a victory garden from which we sold the produce and canned for members; held a rummage sale this winter which netted us $65 profit; redecorated the two rooms at the Church used by the missionaries; and other things. On March 17, we held a covered-dish supper and program at the church for all members of the Church and friends in commemoration of the 102d anni-

RELIEF SOCIETY OF LITTLE ROCK BRANCH (ARKANSAS), CENTRAL STATES MISSION

The officers, President Bessie Wilhite and Counselors Mary G. Wiggins and Lanoi Rowe are delighted with the good attendance which has been increased by wives of servicemen.

versary of the Relief Society. The General Board has certainly done a magnificent piece of work in making the Relief Society program so timely and interesting to women all over the Church. We've found that the Relief Society has been an excellent missionary in this branch in getting non-members of the Church interested. Several of our Relief Society members do not belong to the Church as yet, but we feel sure they will soon."

Maye Housley, secretary-treasurer of Oklahoma City Branch Relief Society, wrote last April:

"Commemorating the Relief Society anniversary, a banquet was given March 18 by the Priesthood of our branch in honor of the Relief Society members. It was held in the Venetian Room of the Y.W.C.A. The Relief Society colors of blue and gold were used in table decorations. The theme "Memories" was carried out in the program. Our president is Dagmar Patterson, and counselors are Pearl Anderson and Grace Cullimore."

A copy of the artistic printed program accompanying the write-up indicated that the entertainment included special musical numbers, a one-act play, and dancing.

(To be continued)

SHE LAUGHS AT MIRACLES

Mabel Jones Gabbott

She laughs at miracles who never baked a pie,
Nor watched her oven anxiously, with wistful eye,
Who never lifted golden crusts with tender care,
And wafted heavenward a silent, grateful prayer.

Repairs An Amateur Can Make

Claire P. Dorius

"A hole is nothing at all, but you can break your neck in it."—Austin O'Malley

NOW is the time to get your tool kit ready. You, no doubt, will have many occasions to use it before the repair man comes around again. Take an inventory of what you have, to see if you can find the following: hammer (two sizes), screwdriver, a pair of pliers, a three-cornered file, a cross-cut saw, folding rule, small can of machine oil, scissors, jack knife, awl, rubber force pump "plumber's friend", nails, screws, tacks, scraper for removing old paint, pipe wrench, friction tape, auger, turpentine, putty, plastic wood and paint brushes in good condition. You may need additional tools, but the above list is a good beginning. Good tools are a good investment. They are now very scarce, so it pays to take good care of what you have.

Electrical Repairs—Caution. Remember that live wires are dangerous. Avoid handling electric cords, switches, etc., with wet hands. If you are repairing a wall outlet or switch, remove the fuse in the circuit.

What to do when your lights go out.—It may mean a blown-out fuse which indicates there is something wrong with the electrical equipment or the manner in which it is used. The fuse is a safety valve for the electric system. It consists of a link of soft metal which meets and opens the circuit when too much current passes through the wires. If a fuse fails to operate, the wires in the walls may become hot enough to damage insulation and possibly cause fire. Fuses *must never* be tampered with. Keep all electrical equipment in good repair and avoid overloading the circuit.

How to replace a fuse. First, find the cause and remove it. The blown-out fuse will have a cracked or blackened "window." Disconnect the lamp or appliance responsible. Touching only the fuse, grasp it by the rim, unscrew it. Screw in a new one and close the switch. Never use pliers. If you are timid about handling fuses, pull the main switch, usually located near the fuse box. Buy only fuses which carry the laboratories' inspection label. Remember, the proper rating of a fuse is determined by the size of the wire to be protected. Keep an extra supply of fuses of the proper rating on hand at all times. Your power company will give you all the necessary information.

Faucets. The most common repair any home owner can make is to repair a leaking faucet. First disconnect the water supply. Grasp the faucet handle firmly in one hand, using the wrench in the other to unscrew the nut around the faucet. A piece of cloth or paper inserted between the nut and the wrench protects the faucet from bite-marks. When the faucet handle comes out, bring with it the defective washer, unloosen the screw at the center of the washer, using a screwdriver. If the screw should stick, apply a few drops of oil and give it a few taps. Replace the old washer with a new one, turning the dull side toward the

supply pipe. Replace the screw on the handle shaft and tighten nut. Composition washers may now be purchased which serve for both the hot and cold taps.

Sinks and Toilets. In order to repair the valves by which water enters and leaves the flush tanks of toilets, one needs to study the inside mechanism of the tank. It is very simple. Any plumbing supply house will be glad to show you. Any one can learn to use a "plumber's friend" or suction plunge. This handy tool is indispensable for clearing sluggish drains. The bell should be half submerged and worked up and down. Drains should be cared for when the first signs of clogging appear. Sometimes it is advisable to use a commercial flushing chemical. If so, always follow the direction on the can very carefully.

Leaky Pipes need a plumber. Temporary menders of pipes: putty, cement, friction tape or adhesive plaster wound round enough times usually stop the leak. These are only temporary measures, however, and will not last long. If the water pipe becomes frozen never apply a blow torch. The sudden heat may burst it. Apply cloths soaked in hot water. This method is slow but perfectly safe. Become familiar with the water system in your home so you will know how to turn the water off in case of an emergency. If a leak in the ceiling occurs, first, shut off the water supply; second, take an awl or ice pick and bore a hole through the ceiling where the water is dripping and relieve the plaster of the load above. This has saved many a large plastering bill.

Your gas pilot. If the pilot goes out chances are it needs cleaning. Try to do this with a piece of fine wire. The flame may be too small, if so, increase it by turning the adjusting screw to the left.

Sticking windows are unnecessary. Check the runways for signs of wear and lubricate by rubbing them with paraffin or candle grease. Secondly, examine the adjustable "stop" strips which hold the sash in place, they may need a little loosening. Third, if the house trim has been recently painted be sure to remove any paint that might have dried between the sash. *If a door squeaks* put a little machine oil on the top of the hinges. Swing the door back and forth in order to get the oil to run down the hinge pin. Repeat if necessary.

A broken table leg can be mended with a dowel pin glued into holes bored into each section of the break. In order to do this, holes will have to be made in each of the broken pieces. These holes should be less than one-third of the diameter of the leg and about one and one-half inches deep. The dowel should be as long as the holes. Sometime chair legs become loose. If the legs are bolted on, tightening the nuts may be all that's needed. If they are screwed on, the frame may be tightened by driving the screws in farther with a screw driver or resetting them. Fill the holes with glue or plastic wood before resetting. If the rungs in a chair become loose, one of the best methods of repair is to use metal rung fasteners which are sold at hardware stores. These are inexpensive, hold firmly, and are simpler to use than glue. These fasteners are hammered into the rung and when the rung is replaced they lock in firmly. Before attempting to glue

(*Continued on page 128*)

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology

Church History

Lesson 8—A Period of Prophecy

Dr. H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, May 1, 1945

Objective: To establish the test of a prophet and to study events that prompted the words of the modern seer, Joseph Smith.

IN the days of ancient Israel the Lord made clear the way in which his people might know his voice. To Moses came the word, "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee. Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God. For these nations, which thou shalt possess, hearkened unto observers of times, and unto diviners: but as for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee so to do. The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken; And it shall come to pass, that whosoever will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him. But the prophet which shall presume to speak a word in my name, which I have not commanded him to speak, or that shall speak in the name of other gods, even that prophet shall die. And if thou say in thine heart, How shall we know the word which the Lord hath not spoken? When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shall not be afraid of him." (Deut. 18:10-15, 19-22). The words of a *true* prophet *will* come to pass.

Not since the days of the apostles in the meridian of time had the Lord raised up a prophet according to this pattern, until, upon that spring morning in the year of 1820, when the young Joseph Smith put to a

test the power of godliness. From that day on, for a period of some twenty-four years—the remaining time of mortal life allotted to this Prophet of the Lord—there lived among men one accepted of God, worthy to receive his word in opening the dispensation of the fulness of times. Within that short quarter of a century, there lived a modern seer whose contact with the Almighty was so close that the very whisperings of his voice were unmistakable.

What were the words of this leader of modern Israel, and how did he deliver them? Were any of his associates ever present during the times revelations came? How would they know he was truly "in the spirit" and not obsessed as a "charmer or wizard"? What of his countenance, his voice, under such visionary experiences? As for the supreme test, when he spoke in the name of the Lord did the thing of which he spoke ever come to pass within the lives of those who heard? These and dozens of similar questions will flood the mind of an earnest seeker after truth today, just as they did when Joseph the Prophet himself walked among men.

We do have the answers to these and many other questions like them now; first, in the recorded words of the men and women who lived with and knew the Prophet intimately; and second, in the unfailing and literal fulfillment of many of his prophecies within the lives of those who heard them uttered.

Within the limited words allotted for these lessons, it is impossible to include even a hundredth part of the many facts now on record which bear testimony of the divine calling of Joseph Smith. We must therefore include but a few more widely known and readily appreciated, about the Prophet's way of receiving revelations, as well as some of the timely predictions he gave which now we can look back upon with wonder.

For an account of the Prophet's appearance we may turn to the words of Parley P. Pratt: "President Joseph Smith was in person tall and well built, strong and active, of a light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, very little beard, and of an expression peculiar to himself, on which the eye naturally rested with interest, and was never weary of beholding. His countenance was ever mild, affable, beaming with intelligence and benevolence; mingled with a look of interest and an unconscious smile, a cheerfulness, and entirely free from all restraint or affection of gravity; and there was something connected with the serene and penetrating glance of his eye, as if he would penetrate the deepest abyss of the human heart, gaze into eternity, penetrate the heavens, and comprehend all worlds.

"He possessed a noble boldness and independence of character; his manner was easy and familiar; his rebuke terrible as the lion; his benevolence unbounded as the ocean; his intelligence universal, and his language abounding in original eloquence, peculiar to himself—not polished—not studied—not smoothed and softened by education and refined by art; but flowing forth in its own native simplicity, and profusely abounding in variety of subject and manner. He interested and edified, while at the same time, he amused and entertained his audience; and

none listened to him that were ever weary with his discourse. I have even known him to retain a congregation of willing and anxious listeners for many hours together, in the midst of cold or sunshine, rain or wind, while they were laughing at one moment, and weeping the next. Even his most bitter enemies were overcome, generally, if he could once get their ears. (*Doc. and Cov. Commentary*, pp. 18-19).

From the book *Stories About Joseph Smith the Prophet*, pp. 166-168, compiled by Edwin F. Parry, we read the following, describing the manner in which the Prophet looked when receiving and dictating a revelation: "The early-day Apostle Parley P. Pratt has left on record the Prophet's mode of giving revelations. Elder Pratt and some others called upon Joseph respecting some evil spirit manifestations which they had observed in a certain branch of the Church. Their desire was to know what might be done to banish the evil. While these brethren were with the Prophet he inquired of the Lord about the matter. 'After we had joined in prayer in his translating room,' writes Elder Pratt, 'he dictated in our presence the following revelation: (Doc. and Cov. 50). Each sentence was uttered slowly, and very distinctly, and with a pause between each, sufficiently long for it to be recorded by an ordinary writer, in longhand. This was the manner in which all his written revelations were dictated and written. There was never any hesitation, reviewing, or reading back, in order to keep the run of the subject; neither did any of these communications undergo revisions, interlining or corrections. As he dictated them so they stood, so far as I have witnessed; and I was present to witness the dictation of several communications of several pages each.'

"Commenting on this description of the manner in which revelations were given to the Prophet, the History of the Church [Vol. 1, page 173] has this to say: "This statement of Elder Pratt's is true in a general way, and valuable as a description of the manner in which revelations were dictated by the Prophet; and needs modifying only to the extent of saying that some of the early revelations first published in the "Book of Commandments" in 1833, were revised by the Prophet himself in the way of correcting errors made by the scribes and publishers; and some additional clauses were inserted to throw light upon the subjects treated in the revelations, and paragraphs added, to make the principles or instructions apply to officers not in the Church at the time some of the earlier revelations were given.' "

More, too, was given by this Prophet of the Lord than the revelations recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants. Joseph was also known as a seer. Because he possessed this rare gift, he could foretell the coming of great events. Possibly the one event most widely remembered, of which he spoke, is the prophecy concerning the establishment of the saints in the Far West. Here is a prophecy which came to pass within the lives of many who heard it uttered.

Again from the *Stories About Joseph Smith*, pp. 113-118: "Joseph Smith's Journal, as contained in the History of the Church [Vol. V, pp. 85-86], has this entry under date of August 6, 1842: 'Passed over the riv-

er (from Nauvoo, Illinois) to Montrose, Iowa. . . . I had a conversation with a number of brethren in the shade of the building on the subject of our persecutions in Missouri and the constant annoyance which has followed us since we were driven from that state.

" 'I prophesied that the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains, many would apostatize, others would be put to death by our persecutors or lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease, and some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains.'

"Among those present when this prediction was uttered was Elder Anson Call, who has left on record additional details respecting this remarkable prediction. He says that in the shade of the building mentioned was a barrel of ice water and the men were drinking it to quench their thirst on that hot August day. The Prophet warned the brethren not to be too free with it. What follows is in Elder Calls own words:

"With the tumbler still in his hand he prophesied that the Saints would yet go to the Rocky Mountains; 'and,' said he, 'this water tastes much like that of the crystal streams that are running from the snow-capped mountains.'

"I had before seen him in a vision, and now saw, while he was talking, his countenance change to white; not the deathly white of a bloodless face, but a living brilliant white. He seemed absorbed in gazing at something at a great distance, and said 'I am gazing upon the valleys of those mountains.' This was followed by a vivid description of the scenery of these mountains, as I have since become acquainted with it.

"Pointing to Shadrach Roundy and others, he said: 'There are some men here who shall do a great work in that land.' Pointing to me, he said: 'There is Anson, he shall go and shall assist in building up cities from one end of the country to the other, and you' (rather extending the idea to all those he had spoken of) 'shall perform as great a work as has been done by man; so that the nations of the earth shall be astonished; and many of them will be gathered in that land and assist in building cities and temples, and Israel shall be made to rejoice.'

"It was impossible to represent in words this scene, which is still vivid in my mind, of the grandeur of Joseph's appearance, his beautiful descriptions of this land and his wonderful prophetic utterances as they emanated from the glorious inspiration that overshadowed him.

"The subsequent history of the Latter-day Saints attests the fulfillment of that remarkable prediction. . . . That part of the prophecy relative to what Anson Call would do in the settlement of the valleys of the mountains, . . . was literally fulfilled also. When Call came to Utah he first located in what is now Davis County. In 1850 he settled in Little Salt Lake Valley and also in Parowan. He then moved to the northern part of Utah, but was called to take charge of a colonizing company to settle in Pauvan Valley. In 1851 he assisted in founding Fillmore in Millard County. In 1854 he established Call's Fort; and in 1856

he was sent to Carson Valley, Nevada, on a colonizing expedition. In 1858 he returned to Utah and in 1864 he was colonizing in Colorado and southwestern Utah."

For him who would know the truth of God's promise given in Deuteronomy concerning a prophet, there stands today as solemn witness the Church of Jesus Christ. Its members, the Latter-day Saints, bear testimony by the thousands of the fulfillment of God's word through the instrumentality of the modern Seer and Prophet Joseph Smith. If this man stood alone in a knowledge of the power of godliness upon the threshold of that day in the spring of 1820, there now has come a great host to join his company. After more than a century, an ever-swelling multitude of human souls affirm quietly, but with deep conviction, that the voice Joseph never forgot had put words in his mouth from heaven, both true and eternal.

Suggestions for Active Reading and Discussion

With the help of the suggestive readings given below have the class carry on the discussion as follows: first, answer the question; second, read the assigned part in the Doctrine and Covenants to discover wherein we must "give heed unto his word" which has been written especially for our life in this day.

1. How can a permanent peace be established? Read carefully section 87 of the Doctrine and Covenants. Note the date of this prophecy as compared to the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861. The teacher should make full use of the notes following this section as found in the Doctrine and Covenants Commentary.

Read the general notes found on page 1009 in the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary* concerning Judge Stephen A. Douglas.

Study in the following books will add enrichment to this lesson: The Introduction to the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary; Stories About Joseph Smith the Prophet* compiled by Edwin F. Parry; and *The Prophecies of Joseph Smith and Their Fulfillment* by Nephi L. Morris. The teacher might well assign to each of several class members to be prepared with one story concerning the prophetic utterances of Joseph Smith. Let the year's work end on this note: At this, the end of a year's study concerning the early history of the coming forth of the Church, how more deeply are you ready "to know that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God"?

Visiting Teachers' Messages

Sources of Strength—The Beatitudes

Lesson 8—Blessed Are They Which Are Persecuted for Righteousness' Sake

Elder Bryant S. Hinckley

For Tuesday, May 1, 1945

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven (Matt 5:10).

"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." (Matt. 5:11-12)

Objective: To show that those who courageously stand for righteousness are often the victims of persecution, but such persecution is often the pathway to spiritual growth and those who stand firm under such persecution are heirs to the kingdom of heaven.

THE real followers of the Master have the attributes of the Beatitudes as a part of their very being—meekness, charity, purity of heart, etc. These traits are their strength, and through this strength his children are as salt, to keep the world from corruption, and they are as light in darkness.

Christ revealed "the riches of poverty, the royalty of meekness, the high beatitude of sorrow and persecution" (Farrar, *The Life of Christ*, p. 139). Paul declared: "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (II Timothy, 3:12).

To be persecuted for righteousness' sake is an indication that one stands for the truth. It indicates that such an one is a thwart of evil, that he is fighting shoulder to shoulder with the prophets who have gone before him. He is opposed, because, like them, he is an influence in the good fight for the truth.

Persecution has been the common lot of prophets, spiritual leaders, and followers of Christ. Those who have promoted righteous reforms have often been the victims of it. Socrates, who lived 400 years before Christ, was tried, convicted, and condemned to death for teaching the immortality of the soul, the beauty and necessity of virtue, and the moral responsibility of man. Galileo, in the seventeenth century, was condemned and imprisoned for teaching that the earth revolves around the sun. Our latter-day prophet, Joseph Smith, was persecuted and martyred for righteousness' sake. The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the Church.

Persecution is often the pathway to spiritual growth. It does two things: It makes those who are strong more Christlike; and, at the same time, it drives away the weak, the triflers, and the cowards. It repels those who are not willing to pay the price. It appeals to those of heroic heart.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake," who have the courage to stand for the truth, who will not surrender, who prefer to suffer rather than to yield. Those intrepid souls are sustained by divine influence that renders their suffering sweet. Theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Literature

New Testament

Lesson 8—Revelation of John the Divine

(A Rhapsody of the Millenium)

Dr. Howard R. Driggs

For Tuesday, May 15, 1945

ISAIAH in the Rhapsody of Zion Redeemed,* visions with ecstatic hope the coming of the Messiah. This prophetic masterpiece, created when Israel was in travail, brought promise of relief and redemption through a Savior of mankind. John, the beloved disciple, banished to the lonely Isle of Patmos, was given, by the risen Christ, a vision of the millenium. Like Isaiah, he portrayed in rhapsody, what his exalted soul saw and felt. Only through such a blend of lofty types of literature, could he rise to the majesty of the theme.

Rhapsodic writings were in the mode of those days with Hebrews and early Christians. To impress burning messages of truth, or visions, those of prophetic spirit would sometimes fuse drama, lyrics, odes, oratory, and other forms of literature into a unified expression of their sacred themes. The result was what Dr. Moulton has aptly called a *rhapsody.*

In the study of this type of Hebraic literature, one should remember that it is a *central theme* the author would impress. One must first get the spirit and meaning of the whole. This gained, it will be easier to understand the parts, so far as they will yield to our finite understanding.

It is hardly possible that all, or any of us, can understand the spiritual significance of every line of Isaiah or Revelation. Nor is it fruitful to be over-analytical of these or other masterful works of literature. As Dean Baliet, in cautioning teachers against such practices, put it, "One cannot get at the meaning of sorrow by making a chemical analysis of a tear." Our leaders have often advised against our delving too much into the mysteries. Let these unfold in the Lord's own good time.

Our part, now, is first to get the major message of the Revelation of John the Divine. A reading of this sacred scripture as a whole, with prayerful heart, will surely bring this to us. Every part of the prophetic book brings out directly or indirectly the living truth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Redeemer and Ruler of the World; and that those who are faithful in living the gospel as he taught and lived it, will partake of the glories with him in the millenium.

Necessary limitations of this study permit only an overview of the sac-

*Isaiah, chapter 40 to end.

red book, with an inlook into some of its impressive imagery and stirring lines. The vision opens with John seeing the Savior in power, and receiving his words of council to be passed on to the seven churches of Asia. In essence, it is stern but kindly admonition for them to forsake evil, hold to the truth, and be ardent for righteousness.

"Behold," the prologue closes, "I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches" (Revelation 3:20-22).

An impressionistic vision of heaven follows. "It takes . . ." says Dr. Moulton, "the form of three symbolic pictures passing one into the other like dissolving views." First, Deity supreme is manifested "on a throne surrounded by a rainbow," while all grades of authority and all forms of life move in a ceaseless round of adoration. Then a book sealed with seven seals becomes visible in the hand of enthroned Deity" (*Modern Reader's Bible*, page 1708).

None, it is felt, can unseal the mysterious volume; but a promise comes that the Lion of Judah shall unseal it. Then appears not a lion, but a Lamb: and as the Lamb takes the book, "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" voice their praise of him in unison saying:

> Worthy is the Lamb . . . to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea . . . heard I saying, Blessing and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever" (Revelation 5:12, 13).

After this song of adoration comes the breaking of the seals of the mysterious book.

> And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals; and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and see. And I saw, and behold a white horse: he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.
>
> And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and see. And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword.
>
> And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine. And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. . . . (Revelation 6:1-8).

These were the four famed horses and horsemen of the Apocalypse signifying, Captivity, War, Famine and Death. How often since the days of this vision of John, have these elements of destruction gone forth to conquer, to fight, to dole out a pittance of food to the starving, to spread death! How tragically applicable is this dramatic picture to our war-torn world today!

The fifth seal broken, John "saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony that they held: And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?

And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."

One can sense here the feeling of John himself in the shadow of death, as he thought back of the martyrs for Christ, and those that yet would suffer death for his gospel. Yet the beloved Apostle looked beyond the clouds and the wrath of God.

With the breaking of the sixth seal, comes the opening of destructions upon the world. And while the earth quakes and mountains and islands are moved out of their place, and men, high and low, hide themselves in dens and rocks, John sees the protecting angels holding back the destructive forces until other angels shall place the saving seal on the foreheads of the servants of God.

The Revelation continues:

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . .They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; . . For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes (Revelation 7:14-17).

Lines of hope and promise such as these buoyed up hearts of suffering saints of those earlier days. They have brought comfort and courage to the righteous of all time.

When the seventh seal of the book was opened, "there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

The vision continues:

And I saw the seven angels which stood before God; and to them were given seven trumpets.

And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand.

And the angel took the censer, and filled it with fire of the altar, and cast it into the earth: and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings and an earthquake. And the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound (Rev. 8:2-6).

Another dramatic portrayal follows of the woes that came upon the earth. Hail and fire, a darkening of the sun, smoke from the bottomless pit, locusts, scorpions, earthquakes and other plagues and calamities, spread terror and destruction.

And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ. . . ." (Rev. 12:7-10).

Though thrown out of heaven,

Satan does not cease his wicked work. In form of dragon and beast he reappears to lure men, to make them fear and worship him. He wars on the saints, overcomes them "and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues and nations . . ." (Rev. 13:7)—all save those whose names are "written in the book of life."

John continues:

And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads.

And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps:

And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth (Revelation 14:1-3).

Following these and other lines of exaltation, descriptive of the pure in heart, comes a scriptural passage dear to every Latter-day Saint.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters (Revelations 14:6-7).

Following these precious lines, prophetic of the restoration of the gospel of Christ in these latter days, come other oft-quoted words of scripture.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them (Revelations 14:13).

Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe (Revelation 14:15).

After this is the vision John saw of the pouring out of the "vials of the wrath of God upon the earth." Destruction is meted to those who "have shed the blood of saints and prophets," those who have "blasphemed the name of God," and upon others steeped in sin.

"*Babylon The Great, The Mother Of Harlots and Abominations Of The Earth*" feels the fierceness of God's wrath: In flaming words (chapter 18), her fall is depicted:

And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing, . . . for in one hour is she made desolate.

Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her (Rev. 18:19-20).

In the light of terrible happenings today, it is not too difficult to visualize what John saw in vision nearly two thousand years ago.

Triumph of righteousness follows destruction. Satan is bound. The millenium is ushered in. A new Jerusalem is portrayed in all its splendor—"coming down from God out of heaven." Christ reigns as "*King Of Kings And Lord Of Lords.*"

Truly, in the Revelation of John the Divine, we have one of the four master Books of the Bible. From a literary viewpoint, it rises to the great heights of Deuteronomy, Job, and Isaiah.

Milton, whose living spring of inspiration was the Bible, said of Revelation:

It is a majestic image of high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.

Ample illustrations of the appeal of its soul-stirring lines and its wondrous imagery, may be found in poetry, music, drama. Observe, for example, how John's portrayal of the New Jerusalem inspired this beautiful analogy in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish":

Slowly as out of the heavens with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun and over its turrets uplifted,
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.
—(See Revelations 21)

In its universal sweep, its emotional depth and height, the Rhapsody of the Millenium is majestic literature. More than this, it is saving scripture. Lifting lines, such as, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life," offer sustaining strength and comfort for the faithful. They hold hope for those who, despite unearned suffering and testing tragedy, keep their trust in God and their feet in the path of righteousness.

Suggestions for Discussion and Activities

1. What, in brief, is the central theme of the Revelation of John the Divine?
2. Sketch the main parts in the development of the sacred theme. Give here just a brief line suggesting each; as,
   (a) Prologue: Message of Christ to the Seven Churches;
   (b) The Sealed Book of the Lamb.
3. Be prepared to read aloud one of these scenes from Revelation:
   (a) "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (chap. 6:1-7); "Adoration of the Saints" (chap. 7:9-15); "Seventh Angel Sounds his Trumpet" (chap. 11:15-19); "Michael and the Dragon" (chap. 12:7-12); "Announcement of the Everlasting Gospel" (chap. 14:6-7); "Fall of Babylon" (chap. 18); "Praise of the Saints for God" (chap. 19:5-10); "The New Jerusalem" (chap. 21:1-8).
4. Procure the song "The Holy City" and read its lines; or better, have it sung. What inspired this song?
5. Be ready to give from Revelation some other musical lines that are woven into one of our hymns; or some other quotation from the Book that has brought uplift to you.

Note: Use King James' translation as the basic text for this study of Revelation.

Social Science

Modern Applications of Ethical Principles

Lesson 7—Brotherhood, the Key to Greatness

Dr. Harold T. Christensen

For Tuesday, May 22, 1945

Lesson Link. Character, through honest living, was the substance of our discussion one month ago. It was shown that the assimilation of facts alone does not produce vir-

tue. Parents and others too frequently neglect responsibility in the moral training of youth, and people, generally, are too prone to deceive by substituting reputation for character. Honesty is the core of character, and it is unfortunate that so many disintegrate at the core while they struggle desperately to maintain a gloss on the surface.

Lesson aim. To show that greatness is dependent upon bigness of soul; that virtue in its highest sense requires the submergence of self to the welfare of others.

IT has been said earlier that happiness is contingent upon love and service as well as upon personal health and progression. The application of truth to ourselves, and the devotion of ourselves to truth, are both prerequisite to real joy and the good life. But if we stop with ourselves alone, we stop far short of the goal, for man is a *social* being and, try as he may, man cannot become happy or great all by himself. As someone has said, "Joy is a partnership, grief weeps alone." Happiness and selfishness are simply incompatible terms.

Man has come a long way in his quest for knowledge and power applied to personal aggrandizement. It is time now that he learn how to love, give, and help for the benefit of others.

The Social Sense

Love of neighbor is second only in importance on the scale of moral values to love of God and the principles of truth and righteousness he exemplified (See Matthew 22: 35-40). Not only is it impossible for man to be saved in ignorance, but it is impossible for him to be saved alone and in hate, as well. A sense of interest and responsibility in humanity about us, coupled with a willingness to consider ourselves secondary to the general welfare of all mankind, is essential to the highest good.

Jesus recognized this moral principle when he said, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." (Mark 8:34-35). When one selfishly or hatefully strives for self-benefit at the expense of others, he loses out on the better things of life, on satisfactions that can come only from self-denial, love, and service.

But this sense of social justice for world welfare is frequently never realized in the thinking and living of people. Covetousness, too, often crowds out generosity; vanity and egotism push aside humility and meekness; sympathy gives way to suspicion and slander; and love is outdone by hate. In their wild scramble for happiness, people too often center on themselves alone, and in so doing they lose the very thing that they seek.

Smallness of character is a vice that feeds upon egotism and self-interest. Some people are small because they take themselves too seriously, they lack a sense of humor, they see themselves in distorted and inflated perspective. Others are small because they are unfriendly, inhospitable, inconsiderate; more concerned with personal advantage than with equality or justice, and always willing to lie, steal, cheat, or hoard at the expense of the public. Still others are small because of the

prejudices and hates they allow to operate. Small people are parasites and leeches draining the life blood of humanity. Instead of contributing to society they take from it; instead of building it up they drag it down. Petty jealousy, malicious gossip, and trivial bickerings are characteristic of people like this—and the world is too full of their kind.

Greatness is a quality of character derived from a sense of brotherhood, and its marks are those of sacrifice, charity, gratitude, loyalty, and the like.

Gratitude in Place of Greed

There is nothing that betrays the true character of a person any more than acts of ingratitude. Sometimes these acts grow out of selfish interests and the spirit of greed, and sometimes out of hate and the desire for revenge; but always in the unthankful heart there is an absence of love and social responsibility. The attitude of gratitude is one of the first steps in achieving greatness of soul.

But we are at times prone to hide our feelings of friendliness and appreciation even when we have them, and that is bad. Why keep our hearts in cold storage? Expressions of gratitude and kindly acts toward those around us in appreciation for all they mean to us are small pay for the innumerable and continuous favors each receives from others. Furthermore, through such cheerfulness and helpfulness the soul of the giver is lifted up along with the souls of receivers, and in this way the world is made better and happier. We should speak a heartfelt thanks, write a letter of appreciation, perform an act of gratitude, whenever and wherever the opportunity permits. Every day should be a thanksgiving day.

But gratitude to be helpful must be genuine. There is an unfortunate tendency in this modern day to standardize and commercialize sentimental expressions to the extent that they become artificial, superficial, and hollow. Too often we say things that others have composed, buy gifts that others have made, and give gifts out of habit or because we feel that we are expected to. Money interests through advertising have capitalized upon the sentiments of man until now Christmas, Thanksgiving, Mother's Day, birthdays, anniversaries, and other holidays have become festive occasions with great displays of gifts, but too little genuine appreciation springing from the soul. This is a perversion of sentiment and there is need for a return to the original, undiluted, and unpolluted. Gratitude is a virtue, but it requires neither the spending of money nor elaborate demonstration, and it is best when it is spontaneous, natural, and sincere.

Tolerance Without Indifference

Brotherhood implies the willingness and the ability to co-operate with others even when it is distasteful to do so. We don't need to tolerate wrong and evil, but we can be kindly and helpful to those who are in sin; we don't need to let go our convictions, but we can examine them in light of all the evidence, and we can suspend judgment until all the facts are known. Intolerance grows out of ignorance, falsehood,

and prejudice; and it is unethical, unchristian, and un-American.

But tolerance, of course, means neither indifference nor acceptance. Without conviction, tolerance may lead to instability and the perpetuation of wrong. On the other hand, though, conviction without tolerance may mean narrow dogmatism and blind bigotry. What we really need is a combination of the two; tolerance should be strengthened with conviction, and conviction should be open-minded and accompanied by mercy and charity for all. Unity does not require uniformity; we can have diversity and still work together co-operatively for the welfare of all humanity. If we can't agree, then we can agree good-naturedly to disagree, and go on living together in the spirit of tolerant participation.

It is better that judgment be left to a power higher than mortal man. Failure to do this means intolerance, which often results in fundamental and far-reaching injustice. Gossip is unkind; hate is vicious. It is our place to forgive; only God's place to judge. Tolerance is one of the most important and, yet, most lacking virtues in the scale of moral values.

Benevolence Beyond Justice

While brotherhood is based upon the concepts of equality and justice, it goes far beyond the bare requirements of these principles. It is born of the spirit of love, and leads to unselfishness, altruism, and generosity. It is not enough to be tolerant in a negative sense, we should be actively doing good in a positive sense; it is not enough to "live and let live," we should live and *help* live. If man is really impregnated with the spirit of brotherhood, his benevolence will reach far beyond retribution and justice alone; love and mercy will cause him to be generous beyond all specifications of law—and in this he will be really great.

Nobility Through Sacrifice

But the test of true greatness lies in one's willingness to deprive himself that others may benefit. Being tolerant of those around us, showing gratitude for their friendship and help, and even rendering service beyond bare requirements of justice, are all relatively easy where there is no particular sacrifice or inconvenience involved. It is through self-denial and sacrifice, however, that the greatest love is demonstrated and the greatest good accomplished. Nobility of character is a thing to be achieved through love, service, and sacrifice.

The life of Christ furnishes an excellent example of nobility through sacrifice. He died that others might live, and in so doing he proved his greatness.

Coming out of World War II, as has been true of all wars, are accounts of personal bravery and self-sacrifice beyond the call of duty. One of these accounts relates the experiences of a group of soldiers who had willingly and without complaint become "expendable" in the interests of their country.[1] Such unselfish heroism (and this is but one of a great many examples that could be cited) should make the hearts of everyone, regardless of country or creed, feel proud, for it demon-

[1](See WILLIAM L. WHITE, *They Were Expendable*, New York City, Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1942).

strates how noble and great man is capable of becoming. The world is made better by such sacrifice.

But the sad thing is that man so seldom rises above the petty, selfish, and commonplace activities of life. It is an unfortunate reflection upon humanity that it takes a war to make people really noble, and that, even then it is the battle front, not the home front, where true greatness is so often found. Why is there so much narrowness, cheapness, and smallness in the world today! Why are so many ignoble! Why are so few really great! Because selfishness, distrust, and hate are let loose, and world brotherhood remains largely an ideal not yet reached.

If men are to be really great they must be willing to make themselves "expendable," just as did Christ, and just as have many others in times of crisis. Consecration to an ideal; allegiance to a principle; loyalty to the right and to those who stand for the right; and, what is more, a willingness to sacrifice all, even life itself if necessary, for decency and justice—these things are important if man is to climb and if Christianity and civilization are to survive. Men should be more humble, teachable, and charitable; they should be less willing to misrepresent facts and exploit persons, and more willing to appreciate and accommodate others; they should have more brotherly love and be more noble in expressing it.

When we sing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" (Luke 2:14), let us remember that the glory of God is best realized through peace, and that peace can only come by the development of "good will toward men." Brotherhood is a prerequisite to the greatest good in the universe and is therefore the key to greatness in personality.

Problems for Thought and Action

1. Why are happiness and selfishness incompatible terms? Illustrate with examples. Why is it impossible for man to find either salvation or happiness all by himself? What did Jesus mean when he said that those who would try to save their lives would lose them, and vice versa? How does this apply to brotherhood? What do we mean by the "social sense"? Show how it is defeated by egotism; by selfishness; by prejudice and hate; by jealousy; by gossip; by petty bickering. Discuss each of these in turn, pointing out relationships to brotherhood and morality. What is a social parasite?
2. Why is ingratitude wrong? Is it necessary to speak words of appreciation when your actions already demonstrate that you are thankful? Which is the best expression of gratitude, words or actions? Show how gratitude expression is sometimes perverted. What do we mean by the commercialization of sentiment? Discuss. How can the expression of feelings on holidays and at other times be made more genuine and meaningful? Discuss.
3. Define tolerance. Does it require indifference on an issue or acceptance of another point of view? Give reasons for your answer. Define prejudice. What are the major reasons for the existence of prejudices and intolerance? Why should we suspend judgment of others and be anxious to forgive them of their mistakes. Does this condone sin? Is there a danger in being too forgiving? Discuss.
4. What is "benevolence beyond justice"? Why is the philosophy of "live and help live" of a higher order than "live and let live"?
5. What is nobility of character, and how is it achieved? Illustrate with the life and the teachings of Christ. What does it mean to be expendable? Was Christ expendable? Why is this a quality of greatness? Explain why there is so much

cheapness and smallness in the world today. What is the result in society at large? In the character of people? Why is brotherhood the key to greatness?

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Repairs An Amateur Can Make

(*Continued from page 112*)

broken furniture be sure to remove all the old glue first by scrubbing with hot water. Dry thoroughly. Heat the new glue and apply while hot. The broken part will then have to be held firmly in place for at least forty-eight hours.

Painting, upholstering, refinishing furniture, and making slip covers are all jobs that women and girls enjoy doing. Such repairs do much to keep up home morale.

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"Slip Covers for Furniture" 1873F (send to Office of Information, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., listed as free). Or it may be purchased from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., for ten cents. (Do not send stamps.)

Your Part In Utah's Centennial

- (*Continued from page 71*)

neat and attractive condition the vacant lots, unsightly buildings, and refuse rendezvous which now deface so many communities.

Through such concerted, community action, the Utah virtue of co-operation can be applied to establish and encourage individual and community habits of neatness, cleanliness, and industry.

Utah people, who hope to be hosts to the world in 1947, whether our guests come in person or meet us on the motion picture screen or through the medium of the radio, will gain nothing but shame, if the attention we attract to our State is diverted to evidences of slothfulness. It, therefore, behooves all of us who are proud of our heritage to bestir ourselves at once and work to make our part in the beautification of our fair State worthy of the standards which nature and our ancestors have so generously set.

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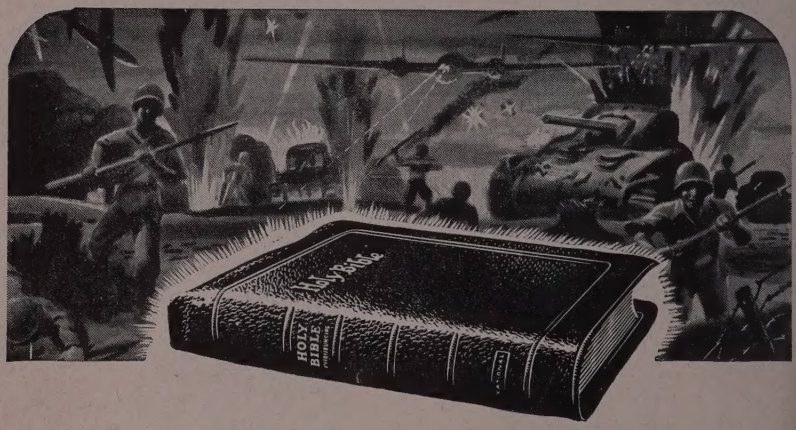

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